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AT THE MORGUE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY ANNIE M. CURTIS.

On my homeward route delayed,
I shall ne'er forget it quite,
How my feet unwilling strayed
To the morgue, that dismal night.

Since my long, hard task was done,
With the fading of the day,
What had lured me on and on
From the roar of bright Broadway?

Not of "items" sent in quest;
On that score there was no doubt,
With the paper gone to press,
And three columns crowded out.

Still, with something vague to guide,
Crossed I street and avenue;
Till in shadow close beside,
Loomed the walls of Bellevue.

With the din of voices loud
Blent the wind's unpleasant sound;
Jostled by the motley crowd,
Grave and thoughtful there I found

One who long my friend had been.
Standing, with uncovered head,
Near a dainty form borne in
From the sullen river's bed.

Did the girlish lips make moan?
Was it just my wondering stare?
Ah! how white his face had grown
In the gaslight's steady glare.

Swift as thought my question fell;
Came his answer soft and low:
"Knew her? yes;" then after still:
"Knew her in the long ago.

"Sweet the time in other years
When her feet with mine kept pace;"
Here a storm of bitter tears
Shut the sunshine from his face.

It was just the old, old tale,
Of a heart not overwise;
But it woke no pitying smile
In the poor, damp shrouded eyes.

Had she sought in worlds afar
What she missed when life was dear?
Who will answer at the bar
For the souls she ruined here?

Soon or late, ere all is done,
We must harvest what we sow.
Ah! she had been false to one—
And the rest we need not know.

So, for her, life's story ends—
She has lived her little day
Since the lavish praise of friends (?)
Sent her on the downward way.

THE MYSTIC TIE:

ERROL VAL'-DARE AND THE BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS; OR, A NAME FOR A LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A WIFE'S HONOR," "A STRANGE RETRIBUTION," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—A LETTER.

Dr. Ferrier looked up into the anxious faces around him with a relieved smile.

"There is no danger," he said; "nothing worse, I hope and think, than a slight concussion of the brain. We must get him into the carriage and home to perfect quiet; but you have lost your gay Clancarty, Miss De l'Orme."

Florence Grenfell glanced at her sister as four of the men carefully lifted the sufferer; but her expression, as she sat her horse, watching them, entirely baffled her. There was a sort of pitiless curve of the proud lips, which seemed at variance with the look of relief in the dark eyes, as the arrangements were completed, and the whole party moved forward at a careful pace, the doctor mounting the fallen man's horse.

As they paused at the lodge-gates to let the carriage first go through, Lucia put into words the thought which, even without the doctor's words, must have at once struck them all.

"Coral," she whispered, "I suppose the whole play must drop through now. How terribly awkward! What shall we do?"

"I must find another Clancarty somehow, my dear," said the actress coolly.

"By the day after to-morrow? How? Who?"

"I have not a notion at this moment, *carissima Lucia, bella.* I must think by to-morrow morning. I can't now. Ah! what is it, Mrs. Ingledew?" she added, reining back her horse, as the lodgekeeper, the moment the cavalcade had passed in, stepped quickly towards her, with a letter in her hand.

"Please, ma'am, you dropped this letter just afore the accident. Some gentleman see it, and give a boy at the station a shilling to run up here directly for me to give it to you as you rode home, 'cause the gentleman says to him: 'The lady might miss it, and be worried.'"

The naughty blood flushed to the girl's brow as she took the letter with a "Thank you." At first the instant thought flashed across her that it was from Rochester himself, under this ruse; but as she rode off, one fleeting, careless glance at the address, only "Miss De l'Orme, Ravenshill Park," in pencil, made every drop of blood suddenly rush back upon her very heart, and brain and sight grew dizzy for a moment. Then, with a desperate effort, she mastered herself again under the terrible goad of necessity, and, hiding the letter in her dress, dashed forward to Lady Lucia's side.

"Only a letter, it seems, I dropped near the bridge," she said carelessly, "and someone very courteously sent it on by a boy."

So nonchalantly spoke the lips, and yet beneath that penciled letter that poor heart was beating in great, heavy throbs of wild joy, and fear, and agony, as she passed straight up to her room, locked the door, and drew forth the letter.

Yet if anyone had read it over her shoulder, there would have seemed nothing in it to move her so deeply. There were only a few lines, unsigned, written in pencil on the leaf of a pocket-book:

"I have seen all, and fortune has played into my hands. Tell them you have thought of a Clancarty, and meet me at midnight in the old rookwood down by the sea wall. All is safe."

It might have been a mere acquaintance writing to an acquaintance, only that she pressed it so passionately to her lips—only that she kneels down by the couch and stifles her wild, heavy weeping on the silken cushion.

Ah, if that world without, which gave its homage and its envy to the great actress, could have seen that broken-hearted woman now, and known her sad story of misery and wrong, would it have envied her still? Assuredly not. But the poor heart, sick with fear for him, yet longing—oh, how longing!—for that midnight hour, had no time now for thought or retrospect, for she knew they would be coming for her in helpless consternation about the play, thus at the last moment robbed of its hero.

She rose up presently, deliberately burned the note, and changed her dress without summoning her maid—not a whit too soon, for Major Grenfell himself knocked.

"Can you come, dear? Haynes has heard of the accident, and rushed up in nearly a frantic state."

The actress opened the door and came out.

"And how is the fallen hero?" she said, with a strange, pitiless ring of irony in her soft tones that struck and puzzled Louis Grenfell.

"He has spoken a word or two, though he wandered unintelligibly a bit, and then went off into a sort of sleep. Ferrier says he must have perfect quiet, and he'll be all right in a week, or even less."

She opened the door of the great library where the council of war awaited her. For one moment she met Lord Falconer's searching gaze, half smiled, and turned to meet the storm.

"He was an awful duffer to get spilled," said Lord Albert in a sort of confidential stage-aside.

"But whatever is to be done for a Clancarty?" cried the Marchioness. "Mr. Haynes says ——"

The manager took up the word as the lady paused, and looked at him.

"That perhaps Miss De l'Orme knows of someone who understudied the part when she and Mr. N—— played it."

"No," said Coral slowly, as if cogitating more possibilities. "I can't say I do, but I think —— Yes, I do remember a man now who could play it well, if I can find his address and get him. I will write to our old stage-doorkeeper at the Parthenon; for if this new Clancarty is in London at all, he will know his address. I played it with him years ago abroad. Perhaps Mr. Haynes will post my letter, and then I shall know our fate by to-morrow."

She went to a distant table, and Falconer, keenly watching her every look and movement, noticed that she dashed off a few lines, inclosed them, scrawled an address, and gave the missive to the messenger, who departed with it. But, certainly, in the scrawled superscription no one would have recognized the bold, firm, graceful caligraphy of the actress. It was almost a wonder that it reached its destination; and when it did, imagine the astonishment of the old stage-doorkeeper at the Parthenon Theatre to find inside a sheet of paper with only a few lines, looking exactly as if an enterprising spider had dipped his eight legs in the ink, and then taken his walk abroad over the paper.

So it sped—that useless bit of paper; and while it sped a human heart throbbed with the very sickness of agonized suspense as the hours went by slowly—slowly, as if each minute was weighed with lead, and the evening fell still, and hushed, and sultry, with the sad sea moaning far out beyond the bar.

CHAPTER VIII.—"AFTER LONG YEARS!"

A soft, close Autumn night, heavy with the foreboding of a coming storm, with an ominous little breeze now and then, sending a few fleecy clouds across the moon's face, and whispering like a sorrowful spirit amongst the tall trees of the old rookery-wood on the cliffs—not high here—and shaking the golden leaves down with a ghostly rustle, as if something uncanny were there, while a low bank of black clouds hung on the seagirt horizon, and the sea, flecked with little white-capped breakers, lay far out beyond the bar, sobbing there softly and piteously, as if, like a sorrowing child, it had wept itself to sleep, and, sleeping, still sobbed. Now and then the weird, ominous cry of the seagull, as it swept its pinions into the white foam or rested for a moment on the bar, was answered, it seemed, from the land, by the unearthly hoot of the night-owl or cry of the raven; but none of these seemed to disturb the statue-like stillness of that tall, graceful figure standing under the grand old trees which grew to the very verge of the cliff—statue-like in its utter absence of motion, in the delicate beauty with which every feature was chiseled; for that, indeed, he might have been a perfect piece of sculptured marble fresh from the artist's hand, waiting for the mysterious breath of life; but the intense, breathless repose of the statue was not here.

Motionless, indeed, he stood, yet the ever-restless ocean, moaning so ceaselessly out beyond the bar, is not more restless than this man. In his every attitude, as in his face, there is no repose—one foot slightly advanced, arms folded close across the breast as if to try and crush down the wild beating of the heart beneath, the fine head thrown slightly back as if in the very spirit of defiant daring, the proud, handsome mouth only shaded by the silky moustache, with all its reckless lines, set close and stern—no lack of indomitable will there!—the large, dark-gray eyes fixed on the distant sea, and in that face, in those beautiful eyes, at least, looked, spake the living, impassioned, suffering man. No repose there; only the thin crust of outward stillness, with the wild, seething, stormy sea beneath.

How like his life was to that sorrowful sea out beyond the bar, as if its tide would never turn and bring it back to land—as if it were, like himself, a living thing of brain and heart, and deep, strong passions, cut off in its prime from all it held dear, an outcast from his kind, without sin or wrong of his own. Was that his thought? Was it any wrong of his own which had placed and colored appearances so fatally? Could memory, in her pitiless retrospect, give him back, in her magic mirror, the record of a stainless life, blameless of reproach? No—ah, no! Rather could she fling at him the charge of a reckless, careless, not too saintly life, as the phrase runs. Perhaps she could point sadly to one wrong, one error of a wild, passionate nature, which had laid the corner-stone upon which all the after-misery had been built—which, if left undone, would have made the whole fabric an impossibility.

Was that the bitter train of thought from which at last he turned with a quick, impetuous movement, and drew in a long, painful breath? Was he listening, was he watching, now, and for what?—that in the very agony of deadly suspense, and sickening longing of hope long deferred, his very heart seems to stand still, and then almost beat to suffocation.

"Impetuous with emotion,
And anguish long suppressed,
The restless heart heaves, moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest."

For whom, then, did he watch and wait? For one from whom he had parted, four weary years ago, in sorrow and bitter shame. Had he the right to watch and listen so intently, with bated breath and blood that ran leaping like fire through the blue veins? Or was it for one for whom it had been better if she had never seen those dark eyes look right into hers, or heard the music of that soft, winning voice whisper the faithful, deathless love that had never once wavered or swerved from its allegiance to her, and had brought him back over thousands of miles to that spot? The first stroke of twelve comes now, booming out from the hall-clock tower, a mile back in the park.

"Solemn, mournfully,
Dealing its dole,"

the midnight hour is tolled forth on the heavy air. He counts each stroke, and then paces to and fro—to and fro beneath the lofty trees, because, now the actual hour has come, stillness is unbearable torture. Five minutes—ten, twelve, fifteen minutes—go by as if for each one a drop of his life's blood was running out. Has his letter miscarried? Has anything happened? Saints in heaven! will she *never* come? Is this agony or suspense to last forever?

He paused for one second, dazzled, as the Summer lightning quivered along the horizon, illuminating land, and sea, and sky; then he turned, for the seventh time, and suddenly stood still for one second's space of time, in which life itself seemed to stop, for the dead leaves rustled softly beneath a quick, light step. A slender, dark form, with a wealth of loose bronze-gold tresses, came out from the old trees right before him.

"Coral!"

She was clasped passionately to his breast, his lips pressed to hers, his arms locking her in a hold that seemed to dare Heaven itself to tear her from him again; no other word spoken yet, no sound save the sighing of the night-wind in the branches overhead, and the deep, convulsive sobs she smothered on his breast, the tears that must have way at last—in trouble and danger soon enough, Heaven knows, but still were wept on the true, bold heart that had dared all danger for love of her, the idol of his youth, the darling of his manhood, and in those few minutes of exquisite happiness the miserable years of parting seemed to roll back from each heart.

"My darling, my only priceless treasure!" he whispered at last, "let me hear the sound of my name once more from those dear lips that I scarcely dared to hope mine would ever touch again."

"O Errol! my love, my life, why—why have you come back at such deadly peril?"

Yet, even as the quivering lips spoke, how she clung to him.

"Why, sweetheart—why?" reckless Errol Val'-Dare said, bending over her with passionate tenderness. "Faith, because this true heart beating against mine, this dear face lying on my bosom, drew me back like a loadstar; because my very soul grew sick of the endless, hopeless exile from my darling, and life was not worth having at the price of all that life holds; because the very peril and risk was one temptation more, if that were needed; because the wild Highland blood leaped red in my veins, and the son of the Cameron and Val'-Dare never yet spelled the word 'danger.' And your bold, proud spirit I knew would not quail as other women's would, but rise to the battle for life, and honor, and love!" He held her off at arm's length now, his deep, dark eyes looking right down into hers, drinking in the fathomless love they gave back to his own. "Look at me, for time and climate have changed me."

"Not to me!" she said touchingly. "Not if age and sorrows had bent that tall form, and dimmed those bright eyes, and turned these dark locks into silver. No; though your cheek is so bronzed, and your rich locks so darkened, by the nameless, subtle change that years of suffering and trouble work so soon; though, perhaps, those who once knew you might forget and pass you by unrecognized now—and you were not much in England—yet to me you are not changed from the reckless, daring Errol of old, who won all Coral's love!"

"Ah, Coral, Coral, if I could undo the past—if you had never called wild Errol 'lover.'"

"Hush!"—she drew the handsome, loyal face down and stayed the words on his lips with a passionate kiss—"you stab me when you speak of wrong."

"Faith, darling, such a reward tempts the stab!" said Errol, folding the actress in his arms again. "And for me, your own ——"

"Wicked lover still!" she whispered, lifting herself with tears in her eyes, but the tender smile on her lips,

MLLE. EMILIE BROISAT, ACTRESS.

"Aye, till death, till death! May Heaven do so to me, and more, also, if I forget *thee*."

He drew her to the fallen trunk of an old tree close by, keeping one strong, protecting arm about her still as they sat, as if he feared to lose her again, gazing down into the beautiful face, softly, caressingly twining his slender fingers in the silky tresses that swept his shoulder, and mingled for a moment with his own waving, dark locks as he stooped more than once to touch his lips to her brow.

"So, so, sweetheart, I am back at last, in danger and gloom, it may be, but with lance in rest and my lady the peerless—for weal or for woe, to wring out justice by fair means or foul. Yes—look up—the sight of this dear face but makes me more desperate, more reckless, more determined to chance the worst for your sake; for I know well that to you, my Coral, with your woman's love and your man's courage, it is less torture to have me back, even in such miserable sort, as it must be, than to know me in the same world, but eternally separated. Aye, and even then as liable to recognition as here—perhaps more. For Errol Val'-Dare was much more abroad than in London, and even in India and America Errol Ernescliffe has had narrow escapes. Taken alive I may be, but, by the Heaven above, they shall never drag me to a felon's death!" he said, with flashing eyes.

She made no answer, but lifted her face upward a moment, and her lips moved as if she were registering some solemn vow, but the only words that reached his ear were few:

"So help me, just Father of heaven!"

Then she turned to the man at her side again, and said quietly:

"So be it, Errol Ernescliffe!"

There was silence for some minutes, broken by an abrupt question from Val'-Dare.

"Who and what is this Lord Falconer, who seems so omnipotent—who, they tell me, got you to play? What is the heir of the Ravenshills to the actress—or, rather, what would he be? For, by Heaven ——"

"*Tiens toi!*" she said, smiling and putting her hand on his lips, which her cavalier lover at once kissed. "He is a faithful friend to your Coral—my dear invalid. He is gentleman to the core—the noblest, the best, the dearest ——"

"Faith, I thought I was the last," put in wicked Errol. "I didn't know I had so dangerous a rival and so faithless a dame. Anything more of your saint, sweetheart?"

"Yes," she said, with a soft, happy little laugh, as she nestled her beautiful curly head down on his breast. "When you know him you will learn—you cannot help loving him as I do."

"Dearest, and love him! Well!" said Errol gravely, stroking his moustache.

"Green is forsaken.'

I must wear that color, I see."

"You are as *mechant* as ever, Errol; but you know what I mean, Errol, laugh as you will. He is a saint, but —— O Errol! for my sake, be careful with him, for he is as terribly keen as you are, almost."

"*Diable!*" said he between his teeth. "Would he betray me, then?"

"No, no, never. But ——"

"I will be guarded for your sake, my darling," said Val'-Dare gravely. "I understand your position towards this Falconer, and I will play stranger to you, so that even you shall find no flaw in my acting. I am no Othello. You are *mine*, my love, and that is enough; and so that there is no insult to you because you are an actress, I can, as you know of old, stand by unmoved, while others even pay you attentions, or even make love to you, as the phrase goes, leaving it safely to you to protect your honor and mine. I have seen some of them the last fortnight—ah, yes, look up. I have been near you many a time, child, and laughed to myself to see that bright-eyed, gallant young Lord Albert—I know *his* name, you see—so often at your side. But," and now the bold, handsome brow grew dark as night, and the low, rich voice stern and pitiless, "I will not stand by and see you endure, as I did to-day near the bridge, the attentions of that man of all men—Claude Rochester. I tell you that when I saw him bending towards you I saw your look—your haughty flash—your hand close on the whip it held, and pictured *him* playing Clancarty to you, touching your lips, holding you in his arms, as I do now, the very thought was maddening, and I vowed afresh he never should. By all the saints! that restless horse only threw him in time, for I believe the next minute I should have sprung forward and struck him from the saddle."

"No, my Errol," she said firmly. "You would have paused, for my sake, before you did an act which would at once have fatally betrayed you and broken my heart. For my sake, too, you will bear his presence, his attentions, I know, and trust to me. Promise me, Errol."

The wild tempest sank quelled, the tide of passion rolled back before the wondrous, unspeakable power of this woman's great love.

"For thy sake what torture under Heaven is there I would not bear?" he whispered low, with quivering lips.

And then there was silence for a long time, which the actress broke at last to arrange all the details of their line of action.

"Or rather acting," she added, as at last the dreaded moment for parting came, and Errol Val'-Dare once more clasped her to his heart.

"Aye, darling," he answered; "but I shall begin to think this play is a thread in our lives. Nearly five years ago I first played in it to you, and—lost my heart. I play it now a second time, and I have lost my name. Shall I play it a third time? And if so, how?" Will one of us lose then? And what?"

Ah! how terribly words sometimes come back like a death knell!

Would Errol Val'-Dare play it a third time? And if so, would it be only a play, or a stern, terrible reality?

CHAPTER IX.—WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

So those two met who had parted in that wild September gale long ago, never to meet again, with a price on his head, and her fair name at stake, if one whisper did but link her name with his, or one shadow of suspicion point at her, the great actress, as the companion of his flight to the bleak Cornish coast—that spotless name she so prized, but would have flung aside at once like dross to save him if she could. But one human life, far away from the whirl of her world, stood like a Nemesis in the way—stood so still and bound her hand and foot, until the gray head was laid low in the grave—if even then she could put forth her daring hand and gather the forbidden fruit.

Yet what wild happiness it were to meet again, even in so deep a gloom, so dark and constant a danger. Even now that it had come, her high, bold spirit, almost matching his, rose to the peril as the gallant vessel rises to the crest of the waves, and, like a living thing of beauty, quivering but fearless, breasts the gale. Now she almost laughed in very mockery the next morning at the role they must play when they asked her if her friend would telegraph.

"Friend!" she repeated in her pretty, careless way. "I cannot call him that, Lady Ravenshill. Some few years back, before I came out on the English stage at all, I was acting in Paris, and a rich American got up grand private theatricals—amateurs, save for the prima-donna—and for that he engaged me, as he told me he had such a splendid Clancarty. That is all I know of this Mr. Ernescliffe, except that he was an English gentleman of birth and property."

"How lucky you knew where to find him!" said Lucia. "Did you meet him again, then?"

"No," answered the actress. "Only once or twice in the greenroom at the Theatre Francaise. But I particularly remembered his telling me, when he saw that I was engaged that April—a week later—to play in London at the Parthenon, that he knew the boxkeeper there. But you must not build too much on my impudent attempt, for it is only a chance, after all, and even if in London he may refuse."

"Who could refuse you that had once seen you?" said Albert under his breath, but with a look which gave the words a deeper meaning than mere compliment, and made her shiver internally.

"Oh, save you, my lord, my role of sovereign goes no further than the stage," she answered aloud, with a half-laugh. "But I dare say a telegram will set all doubt at rest."

"And, of course," said the Marquis in his genial way, "if this gentleman does come to our rescue, he must join our circle."

"Thank you, my lord. How is the patient this afternoon?"

"Recovered enough to be desperately vexed at the whole accident, my dear," said the Marquis, laughing. "I am very sorry for it—very sorry."

"Which that child is not!" muttered Falconer in his quiet corner. "Coral, my dear."

"You are smiling rather mischievously, good my lord. What is it?"

"Did you bewitch the horse to throw Lord Clancarty?"

"I would have done so if I could," she said in the same light tone. "But Dame Fortune favored me, I assure you."

"I hope, then," said Falconer, with his quiet, observant blue eyes on her face, "that the fickle goddess may favor your choice of his successor."

"There was no choice in the question," answered Coral quickly. "I know of no one—could remember no one else who could play the part at a few hours' notice. It is a slender enough thread, certainly."

"Very, my dear. But we shall see when the evening-post is in."

"I hope, Miss De l'Orme," said the Duchess of Bradsmere, coming up, "that the new actor is a dashing sort of fellow, fit for a gallant cavalier."

"I assure you, my dear Duchess, I never played to a more inimitable Clancarty."

"High praise," said Falconer. "We shall see."

"Don't you feel remorseful now," added her Grace, laughing, "for the way you walked into poor Rochester at his last rehearsal? I declare, my lord, after you left the drawing-room she regularly pitched into him—if you will pardon the slang—cut him up as coolly and pitilessly as any critic."

"He richly deserved it," said Coral, with a momentary, haughty flush. "I hate overacting."

"But, my dear girl, the poor fellow really couldn't help it—he's over head-and-ears—and simply made play into reality. He's in love, and can't help showing it, I suppose."

"Ah, *chere Duchesse*, you are neither actress nor critic," laughed La Coral. "He need not necessarily overact, and make love to the interpreter instead of the character. I don't expect an amateur to be an actor; but I don't care to play to an amateur who plays himself, not his part. You ladies are all so taken with Mr. Rochester that you won't see his faults," she added, with a half-laugh.

"Ah, you are cruelty itself, beautiful De l'Orme," retorted the Duchess, shaking her head merrily. "Isn't she, my lord?" as the Marquis stepped in through the open window.

"Cruel, Duchess? Are you abusing La Coral, eh?" said the genial peer, resting his hand caressingly on the girl's shoulder. "Nonsense, nonsense! Wouldn't believe anything against our favorite, if she told it herself. Would we, Will?"

"I think not, father. The fair Duchess is defending Rochester against severe criticism, and Coral declares her Grace is prejudiced in his favor. What say you?"

"I don't think he'd ever make an actor," said the Marquis.

"Hear! hear!" cried the actress, clapping her hands. "Your hero goes down, your Grace!"

"Not a bit, my dear—not a bit! I defend my position."

"It is against all rules of war to defend an untenable position," interrupted Coral.

"But you haven't proved it so yet," retorted the Duchess. "I believe, after your drubbing, the fallen hero would have played it capitally."

"*Comme vous voulez*, madame?" said the other, laughing and shrugging her shoulders. "You know,

"'He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still;'

and I'm very certain a woman is. Ah, here comes Lord Albert to rout us all."

"Nay, I could not rout ladies, for the fire of bright eyes dazzles me," said the young man, putting up his hand, as if blinded by the light. "Against fair foes no knight can lay lance in rest."

"It goes the other way, I think," said his father, glancing wickedly at the actress; and Leigh laughed heartily.

"Ah, yes. And remembering the scolding poor Rochester got, I think strong suspicion rests on his fair foe that she bewitched ——"

"Steed as well as rider," put in the Duchess. "I suppose he will not be able, even, to see the play?"

"Ferrier thinks not. Only to-morrow, you see, if indeed we do it at all. I wish your friend would telegraph, Miss De l'Orme."

"You impatient creature, the time will soon pass. Oh! Go and fetch Mendelssohn's open-air part-songs, and Lucia for soprano, and we'll take your brother out on the lawn and sing away the hours. Music charms away trouble you know."

It certainly soon charmed the whole party out after them, as well as the time; and they were still out on the lawn, Wilfred's wheel-chair the centre, when the eagerly-looked-for London post came in, and a servant, bearing a salver full of letters, appeared.

Most of the party had letters; but Coral felt that her packet was the centre of attraction, and that all eyes were turned on her—more than all, Falconer's, by whom she sat. First she opened two or three, and then crushed the envelope of the third in her hand, held up the letter triumphantly, and then tossed it to Falconer.

"*Voila!* Read it aloud, my lord. We are safe!"

Albert looked over his brother's shoulder as he read aloud the few hasty lines, written—as Coral only knew—in a disguised hand.

LONDON.

DEAR MADAM—I am honored by your request, and shall be most happy to do my best as Clancarty. I only regret that I cannot possibly be down till to-morrow evening. I will be at the Briarly Theatre by seven. Pardon haste from yours, very truly.

E. ERNESCLIFFE.

"Now," said the beautiful actress, as she received back her letter, "you will see Clancarty as it should be."

And even Wilfred Leigh was baffled by her manner. But

"Oh, 'tis a weary task to wear
The mask of joy on the face of care."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A PICTURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I wandered forth one morn
Upon a broad and beauteous world of light;
The sun shone on the rip'ning fields of corn
In yellow splendor bright.

The sons of industry
Essayed to free their fields from tare and weed,
So that in time they might the sheaves apply,
The busy world to feed.

The farmer's sturdy hand
Which telled the oak that crosses o'er the stream
Scattered the seed upon the ploughed-up land
'Neath the bright sunlight's gleam.

But on one barren soil
My eye lit as I gazed upon that scene—
No men engaged with plough in humble toil
Or scattering seed were seen.

Again I wandered lone,
Pensive and thoughtful, o'er that rustic scene;
The one who with fond care his seed had sown
Did a rich harvest glean,

And from the early morn
Till sunk the sun behind the western sky,
To fill the storehouse and the ample barn
They worked with energy.

The men, with labor fraught,
Plied the pronged fork with sovereign zeal and will,
While from their lips went up the triumphant note
To Him who gave their fill.

Then to the other field
I hastily repaired—but not to see
It blessed with such an equal bounteous yield,
Or men in jubilee.

An aged man alone,
Whose life's meridian long since had been crossed,
Wailed o'er his lot in solemn, plaintive tone,
And seemed in deep thought lost.

And so, methinks, life's field
Is overgrown with many an idle tare;
'Tis ours to make a rich, abundant yield
With years of toil and care.

God grant that we may reap
With joy the efforts of our hardy toil,
And not go forth in indolence to weep
Over a rugged soil.

J. M. O.

Reading, Pa., 1879.

AN EVENING WITH EDWIN FORREST.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY MRS. CECILE E. ABEL.

On one occasion I had been speaking to a friend, who was an actor, about Edwin Forrest. I said:

"I should like to have you meet him. You will find him to be very agreeable and highly entertaining."

To which Mr. H. replied:

"I can't imagine that man to be anything but a great actor. Although I am in the same profession I have never acted in the same theatre with him. I never saw him act more than twice—the first time was in the character of Virginius, the other was as Lear—and I confess that I was so overwhelmed by the "immensity of his genius and powerful acting that it took some time to analyze his acting of those parts, of which he was master, to sufficiently enjoy having seen what I shall never see again, one of the greatest actors in the world essay those parts. Lear dies with him. When I hear him spoken of as a domestic man, and affectionate in the home-circle, I think there must be some mistake. It seems impossible that two such extremes should meet and concentrate in the nature of one individual."

"Your thinking so is pardonable for want of knowledge upon which to base judgment. I hope, however, that before leaving this city you will have the pleasure of meeting him personally; then you can judge for yourself how far you are mistaken in the man, albeit your judgment of the actor is correct."

"There is nothing I can think of now that would afford me greater pleasure; but when and where will I be permitted to enjoy so great an event? You must give me a little time to prepare myself for so distinguished an occasion. I have been told that he does not condescend to notice an actor, on or off the stage, unless he is a Kean or a Fechter."

"Your information is without foundation, and no doubt the result of prejudice. This much I will say, that in meeting with Mr. Forrest you will enjoy a treat that will be treasured by you as one of the most delightful events in your theatrical career. So prepare yourself to meet and be devoured by the tragic ogre of your imagination." On the same evening, as Mr. H. was leaving, I said: "Be kind enough to mail this note for me. It is an invitation to the great American tragedian to dine with us on Thursday next at six o'clock P. M. He will be punctual, and do you report yourself a little before the time mentioned, in order to steady your nerves."

"I shall only be too happy to accept the honor of being present on the occasion."

In my note of invitation to Mr. Forrest I stated that "I had taken the liberty of inviting to meet him a friend who was also a son of Thespis." Knowing his aversion to meeting with strangers, I took the precaution to mention the fact, in order to give him an opportunity to decline if he wished to do so. The answer to my invitation ran as follows:

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 22, 1870.

MY DEAR MADAM: I thank you for your friendly invitation to dine with you on Thursday next at six o'clock, when I shall be happy to meet your friends, under your hospitable roof. Remember me kindly to your husband and son. Yours sincerely and truly, EDWIN FORREST.

On the following Thursday, with "Forrestonian" punctuality, at one minute before five o'clock the ringing of the door-bell announced the arrival of our distinguished guest. My husband answered the summons. On opening the door a deep-toned voice was heard:

"Invited at six, but I am not going at seven. How do you do?"

Turning to Mr. H., who was really nervous, I said:

"That remark did not sound as coming from one you thought so formidable, did it?"

"I can scarcely believe that to be the ——"

"Much-dreaded Edwin Forrest, of whom you have heard so much, and know so little. Come," I said, "we are waited for, and there is," I added, "no necessity for studying a fine speech in being introduced. You won't have any use for it."

In the mean time, the usual form of greeting being over, my husband said:

"Mr. Forrest, permit me to introduce my friend Mr. H."

Shaking him cordially by the hand, Forrest said:

"I am glad to meet and make the acquaintance of a fellow-actor."

He then offered him a chair in a manner that set to flight all former symptoms of embarrassment on the part of Mr. H. Our skeptical friend was not only feeling quite at ease, but seemed to be in an ecstacy of delight. When seated at the dinner-table with us, he said:

"A plain meal, properly cooked, and served in simple city style, with genial company at the board, is, I think, a blessing for which we cannot be too thankful, and I, for one, enjoy it to the fullest extent." He further remarked: "When I was a lad, there could be no greater pleasure in store for me than a trip to Camden with my father to get turtle-soup. I would look forward in joyful anticipation for days. Just think of that for a grand dissipation! The amount of happiness that I experienced on those little occasions my mind recurs to with infinite pleasure."

During the meal he was particularly entertaining, attentive and courteous. When we rose from the table he stepped to look at the pictures that hung on the walls of the dining-room, with which he was much pleased; but the one that engrossed his attention most of all was a photographic engraving of Gen. Geo. B. McClellan, with his autograph.

"That is a fine likeness," said, turning to my husband, he said: "Did you know him personally?"

"I knew him in business only. It was during the war that he would sometimes send for a book, which I would forward to him. That picture he sent to me as a mark of regard, and with it an autograph letter, and I carefully preserve both as souvenirs."

"They are most properly bestowed. He is a statesman, a soldier, a gentleman and a scholar."

When we were again seated in the parlor Mr. Forrest said:

"When he was nominated for the Presidency I was traveling in Europe. I hastily arranged my affairs for a speedy return home, so as to be in time for the election. On board the steamer I met some friends who were also homeward bound, but not bent upon the same errand. When they saw me they said: 'Why, Forrest, what has brought your sojourn abroad to so sudden a close?' 'I am going home to vote for McClellan.' They enjoyed a good laugh at my expense, and said: 'While we admire your loyalty, we don't anticipate the desired result. He won't be our next President.' 'Be that as it may,' I replied. 'Even the knowledge of that fact will not deter me from gratifying the cherished desire of casting my vote for him. I go with the party spirit, though I should be the only man.'" He ended with an outburst of laughter by saying: "And he wasn't elected."

In relating an anecdote his aim was simply to please. Without making an effort to produce an effect, he was effective. He was entirely free from egotism or pedantry. As a listener he was always attentive. I have never known him to display indifference in the least degree during a conversation or a discussion upon the most ordinary topics. During the evening he listened to some music, vocal and instrumental. Mr. H. was what is termed in the theatrical profession a dialect and character actor. He filled the position with much credit. He also had considerable musical ability, and was well informed. That he had made a favorable impression upon the great actor he had ample assurance. When called upon to sing, although a little disconcerted, he readily complied with the request, and, with a due sense of the situation, wisely selected a beautiful ballad, and sang it in a sweetly impressive manner. At the conclusion of the song Mr. Forrest said:

"Mr. H., I thank you for the pleasure you have afforded me, which is twofold. I never heard that song before, and you sang it with much feeling. Your voice, which was tremulous at first, is one of the sweetest I ever heard, and your articulation is very fine, and very gratifying to the listener. I have heard some singers who articulated so badly that they might have sung in the dead languages for all that could be understood of the poetry. I am surprised that the tone of your voice has not been impaired by the constant use in the drama, which is a strain upon it that must seriously affect it to a great extent. It is a glorious gift, and is to be regretted that so few, comparatively speaking, cultivate the voice. It is capable of expressing so much, both in music and in poetry, that should serve to stimulate the study to perfect so divine a gift. The combining of sweet or harmonious sounds is exalted and exalting."

"Since you say," I remarked, "that music and poetry go hand in-hand together, may we not hope to have it exemplified in hearing you recite one of your favorite poems?"

"It will give me great pleasure to read anything that you are pleased to name."

I took from the shelf a volume of "Household Poetry," and handed it to him, saying:

"Do you select. The pleasure afforded us will be twofold."

He smiled significantly and said:

"With pleasure."

He selected one of the many beautiful gems by Tom Moore.

"And doth not a meeting like this make amends
For all the long years I've been wand'ring away?"

In reading that exquisite poem, his grand voice, sweetly modulated, fell upon the senses with a hallowed influence, and silence was the most befitting and deeply expressed comment.

During the evening he gave imitations of eccentric characters he had met abroad during his travels, and especially was he happy in delineating the negro peculiarities. He possessed a fund of humor that seemed inexhaustible. The storm had passed that laid waste every bud and flower in the garden of his domestic life; yet he would not suffer one lingering cloud to cast its shadow over the happiness of those he loved, and who could never know that his generous, noble heart was a sepulchre of buried hopes at which no angel waited to roll away the stone. It was a subject upon which he never spoke, nor would he permit the dearest friend to broach it.

One of his many fine traits was that never in a discussion, whether upon the subject of religion, politics, acting, or what not, even where he held the vantage-ground, did he render himself open to censure, for want of good breeding. He never sought to influence those with whom he came in social contact by his opinion upon any of the subjects named. He would express his likes and dislikes and beliefs in a free and independent manner, and never, by word or look, did he seek to ruffle one feather of a pet theory of those who held adverse opinions. That, I maintain, was the greatest charm in his social bearing. It has been said that upon the subject of women he never spoke, or, if at all, it was in no very complimentary terms. Upon this interesting theme he expressed himself as freely as upon any other. For a truly good woman (I never heard him speak of any other) his opinion was expressed in the loftiest accents of praise.

"Such a woman," he would say, "seems never to be a creation fresh from the hands of God. The realms over which she reigns absolute are the sacred privacy and dear delights of home. Hers are the graces and the loves that make the music of the march of life."

His fondness for children was remarkable. He would listen with rapt attention to incidents and anecdotes of them. I once related to him an incident of a pathetic nature, where a child at the tender age of five years was on one occasion seized with an attack of the toothache during the night. His mother, who slept in an adjoining room, was startled, on awaking in the morning, at finding the little sufferer asleep in an armchair, with his face much swollen. She lifted him gently and held him in her arms. Presently he opened his lovely blue eyes, and saw his mother crying, and to the question: "My darling, why didn't you call mamma last night when you were in pain?" the little fellow said:

"I did call you, but not very loud; then I put my hand on your face, and said 'Mamma,' but you did not hear me; then I said: 'My pretty mamma is so tired she can't get awake,' so I got in the big chair and went to sleep. Don't cry any more, pretty mamma: it don't hurt any now."

While I was relating the circumstance, which is as true as it is noteworthy, his eyes were suffused with tears, and for a moment he was unable to speak. When he did, he exclaimed:

"My God! can it be that there are angels out of Paradise? It has been truly said that 'Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.' Is that child still living?"

"Yes," I replied, "and is a bud of real promise."

"I do believe you," he said; "and if that boy lives he will be an honor to his parents, as he now is a wellspring of pleasure.' I love children," he continued. "I enjoy watching their movements in graceful awkwardness, and I love to study the varied elements of their natures. It would be impossible for me to study with an adult in the room, yet I could do so readily with a number of children at play; but they must be well-behaved. Rudeness, or a want of deference when spoken to, I can't abide."

I showed him a photograph of the child of whom I had spoken, and when he had looked at it thoughtfully he said:

"That face indicates all that you have told me of him. Dear child,

"'Though wise, indeed, thou seemest not—
Thou brightenest well the wise man's lot.'"

What with talking, reading, and music, time was telling how "the bright hours roll."

In concluding this sketch, a singular fact which I deem worthy to mention is that, on this and two previous occasions, Mr. Forrest had looked at his watch but once during the entire evening, and, strange to say, in each instance the finger of time pointed to twenty minutes past twelve o'clock. That we were strangely affected for the time being by the singularity of the coincidence,

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1879.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

W. B. E., Nashville.—There was nothing ambiguous about it. What we wished to be told is what you avow telling, viz., did D, like C, expressly say that one competitor would beat the other? If not, then D merely took the negative of C's proposition, and C loses. Some people never admit that in a case of this kind a man can take a negative position, and they would decide it a draw if C had expressly said "I bet that A will beat B," and if D had expressly said "I bet that A will *not* beat B." This comes of the error of applying a special rule to general cases. There is a special rule of the turf that makes it a draw if there is a dead-heat after one party has bet that one of the dead-heaters would win the heat, notwithstanding that the other bettor may have intended to assume only the negative of the proposition. There are people who utilize this arbitrary rule of the turf so far as to make a draw of it even in a case of this kind: A and B have hats that are alike. Unknown to B, A was the maker of both hats. They meet, and B offers to bet that his hat is better and cost more than A's. A takes him up; a third party pronounces both hats alike in texture and in value; and then another party decides that A does not win, on the assumption that A, who had said nothing to warrant the suspicion that he is a fool, had intended to bet that his hat was better and cost more than B's. We hesitate to attribute to a bettor an intent that is not apparent in his language, and do not apply the special rule of the turf except to turf cases. As in this case D said nothing—so far as we are advised, having simply by his appearance taken the negative side of the proposition—it is possible that he meant that B would beat A. If he is an honorable man, he will admit this, if he mean it; and that admission, being equivalent to the converse of what C had already expressed, will make a draw of the bet. On the other hand, it is possible that C never dreamt of a sin, meant absolutely that A would win, and is merely holding out because he knows that if he goes far enough he can get a decision making this case a draw. This is possibly taking two chances to D's one, for the latter, in C's place, might have given up at once.

E. J. B., Orilla.—The wager having been left to our decision, it is that a euchre a player who is assisted cannot go alone—he must be assisted. Otherwise, the proffer of assistance does not mean that there shall be an assistance, it being really a hint to the partner that, if he holds anything like fair cards, he can lose nothing by going alone, and may make four times. This paper was started when euchre was in its infancy, and we have never given any other decision. It is only fair to tell you, however, that there are some few players who countenance the innovation of allowing a euchred player to go alone, and that in consequence of this innovation there have for years past been many coteries of good players in which an assistance is not permitted at all. The player who, consciously or otherwise, proffers an assistance is in those coteries compelled to go alone as a penalty for having virtually exposed his hand to his partner. But the objection to this is that a player so euchred by feels impelled to assist when he has nothing in his hand, in order to prevent an opponent from going alone; and if such a player is forced to go alone, he is almost certain to be euchred. The old way of playing euchre is the best—**no player to go alone who does not want to, and no one, whether he wants to or not, who has not assumed the responsibility of the trump by taking it up voluntarily, by ordering it up, or by making it.** Thus, A assists his partner (D), and in so doing he shuts out a lone hand on the part of C, who at this point might wish to go alone with the cards they have reason to suspect A holds. It is, therefore, only fair that D shall be shut out from going alone by the assistance he can be sure A has reason to suspect, because of the "assistance," that his partner holds.

J. G. M., Toronto.—1. Pay, 704 Broadway, this city, has probably as large a collection as anyone. 2. At Peterson's, Philadelphia, Pa. 3. The exact sources from which the plays you name were derived is not known to us; consequently we cannot tell you where to procure the books. 8. French & Son, 38 East Fourteenth street, this city, can send you copies of "M-da," "Evangeline" and "Jane." Those others are beyond the Radical is run over a distance of a mile and a half, the City and Suburban Handicap a mile and a quarter (about), and the Great Metropolitan Stakes two miles and a quarter. All these races were won by Parole in England.

N. P. MCKENNY, Dixon.—Our opinion is that the Board of Control has no right to alter the rules of the different races in existence when the present holders of the belt won it, and which were the same which the Chicago Fire Department, the owners of the trophy, stipulated should govern competitions therefor. At all events, the Board should not make such alteration without the consent of both the holders and the Fire Department.

ACTOR, Orange.—Four per cent. U. S. bonds are quoted at 105 and a fraction in London, and 102¾ here. A pound sterling is worth $4.80. At this rate your bonds would be worth nearly £20 here, less whatever commission a broker would charge for selling them. Almost any English bank would collect the interest-coupons for you. We prefer not to give advice.

A. MCA.—We can make nothing definite out of the query. Your one of which an important word has been omitted, while the other contains a word that may be taken in two different senses. Please state the exact nature of the disputes you say you wish us to settle. If it is always best to do so, for all parties concerned, which seems to be the reason that so few do it.

MOG AND K.—Address the owner of the horse. We do not know the object of the query, and he might have run a race by moonlight, of which we are not advised. 2. It depends upon whether the steamer is a side wheeler or a propeller, and of course upon its horse power, and whether it carries freight or passengers. Probably the passenger propellers will average about sixty tons a day.

C. C.—We have not heard of him for some time, and we think it extr emely improbable that he has been in this country since he left for England over two years ago. Still it is possible that he may have come back quietly, and that you may find see him. We cannot undertake to decide the bet until we are possessed of positive information relative to the matter.

SWANTON.—As the companies could not agree to divide or run over, it was the duty of the judges to order the race to be run over, and the protest was not entered until the order should have been made to forfeit all claim to a prize. In that case the second prize should have gone to the Washington.

A. C. L. AND W. H. J., Miles City.—B lost, the moment he brought his little paper box into play. Nothing else having been specified, while he had an idea that betting contracted to do is what he intended that A should believe that he intended to do, viz., surpass A's feat of ejecting cigar-smoke rings from his mouth.

W. G., Fall River.—When the umpire called "play!" the game should have been at once proceeded with, and the time refusing to play would then have forfeited the game. The absence of three of the players, under the circumstances mentioned, was no excuse for the umpire's erroneous decision of "No game."

J. S.—It is a question of fact for a starter alone to decide. If the runners were called back, as you say, then they should run over, and the man refusing to start again loses all claim to a prize. If he was not equal with him in fact, or not; but he had to obey the order of the proper official, or suffer the consequences.

A. M. C., Texarkana.—Tom Allen and Ben Hogan fought for two thousand dollars at Pacific city, Iowa, Nov. 18, 1873, the ring being broken in at the end of the third round when Allen had been on it just sixteen minutes. The affair ended in a wrangle, and the stakes were subsequently drawn.

NEW ULM, Trenton.—1. The term of imprisonment varies. 2 In the General Sessions or in the Court of Oyer and Terminer. 3 He is allowed so little grace that, if sentenced in time to catch the train, he would be in Sing Sing for supper.

SUBSCRIBER.—Usually, to speak of the stride of a trotter is to count the distance covered by the feet of the horse when he is extended and going at his best. Lady Thorn had a very long and low stride, and beat the kneehigh slightly. In fact, she was a long horse in every respect.

ST. ANDREWS CLUB, St. John.—The fastest time on record in which two hundred yards have been run is 19⅘sec., by W. Lee, Newark, N. J., on June 7, 1879. The party mentioned accomplished the distance in the time you mention.

PLAYER, Boston.—It is both custom and law that at pool or billiards in this country a player must have at least one foot on the floor in making a shot. The reason for that law lies in something far beyond the mere convenience of the player.

T. W. D., Milwaukee.—New York has probably about 1,050,000. Brooklyn about 540,000, and Berlin perhaps 1,000,000. There will be definite figures as to New York and Brooklyn next year, when the U. S. census will be taken for the first time in ten years.

W. D., Troy.—It was not at all necessary for him to say "provided they play two games." One game had to be played before there could possibly be any action on the bet, and there could be no decided action unless that second game was begun.

W. F., Auburn.—A straight will best nothing at poker unless it is agreed to play it, and then it should be agreed upon as to what it will beat. In some coteries it is played to beat three-of-a-kind, but in most it is played to beat but two pair. Note the rule at the head of this column.

C. T., Hammonton.—It is not a recognized game, and it is variously played. In some coteries both sides would count four for a euchre, while in others one side would have to make five tricks to count four, and the other side but three.

A POOR BOY.—Apply to some manager, show him what you can do, and solicit an opportunity to appear in public. If you make a hit, then ask for an engagement. See our advertising columns for addresses of sketch and song writers.

A SUBSCRIBER, Syracuse.—Your combination is a riddle to us. You have not told us what clubs formed it, nor the circumstances attending the game. We suppose it was a pool-room affair. If so, let the pool-room regulations govern it.

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M. F., San Francisco.—1. Do not know enough about the lottery business to answer your question. 2. They advertise in the New York daily papers. 3. We believe there is a law which prohibits lottery-ticket dealers from sending their circulars and tickets through the mail.

ROMAINE, Washington.—When pedro is properly played, the gift goes to the score of the player who holds the five to give the seller enough points to put him out, unless there are more than two players to the game.

J. F. LAWRENCE, Boston.—We will write to Hanlan, and endeavor to obtain the information you are in quest of. As yet the bet is not decided.

L. H. B. & Co., Albany.—By paying one of the dramatic agents a fee he will furnish such a list. A partial list was published in THE CLIPPER dated July 5, 1879, in the dramatic summary.

E. E. GARDNER, Jr., Philadelphia.—Send to Ed. James, as per address in advertisement, for a copy of his work on dumb-bell and club exercise, which will cost you fifty cents.

J. M., Philadelphia.—No one can tell you when the game of pool was first played in this country, if you mean fifteen-ball pool. The game is almost "as old as the hills"—in fact, a good deal older than some hills.

J. M. G., Providence.—Ordinarily it is not polite for a lady to read when entertaining a visitor; but in the case you mention the man's boorishness was a good excuse for the lady's breach of etiquette. Both were at fault.

JOHN SIMMONS.—In the contest for the championship of the United States, at Gilmore's Garden, this city, Peter Panchot won the first prize, Samuel Merritt second, Fred Krohne third, and William O'Brien fourth.

F. M. H., Cincinnati.—As it will be necessary to search our files to answer at least one of your questions, and as we have not time to do so in season to answer you in this issue, we shall defer the entire matter until next week.

P. D. O., Delphi.—It is governed by the regulations of the pool-room that sold it. If it was merely a pool gotten up among a party of friends, in equity it was off the moment that the extra horse entered into the race.

CLUB ROOM, New Orleans.—He must take the exposed card in the first instance, and in the second he cannot take it. That is, in the deal it is a live card, while in serving for the draw it is dead.

J. F.—There is no artist of prominence of that name before the public. There are a great many ladies playing small business whose names do not always appear on the bills. She may be among them. We know nothing of her.

W. J. A., Toronto.—In that case please remember that the credentials issued by this paper to sporting correspondents are not to be used for the purpose of gaining free admission to places of public amusement.

EVA G.—We should like to oblige gentle Eva, but we do not think she would be pleased to see it, as written, in print. See answer to "Abbie," the same objections to those composition will apply to yours.

T. J. KELLIHER, Boston.—We have written to Hanlan for the information, that being the only way in which we can get it straight, and we expect to be able to answer next week.

CONSTANT READER, Fort McKinney.—His parents were both English, we believe; let us hear if we find out "for certain" in a day or two, and if they were of other nationality we will inform you in a future answer.

F. O. K., St. Louis.—A player can play a lone hand when his partner or anyone else deals the cards. He can tell his partner to lay down his cards, as he himself will go alone on that trump.

A. M. B., Philadelphia.—No answers by mail. Address a letter to N. Salsbury, in care of this office, and he will, probably, either send you a copy or inform you where you can procure it.

W. H. K., Philadelphia.—The Great Eastern is about 690 feet in length. We have not the length of the Three Brothers.

BETTOR, Baltimore.—You are rather late, as you will see by our turf department that the race was decided on July 31.

W. R. B., Marlboro.—You cannot learn to be an actor from books. Get an engagement with some company to play general utility, and work your way up.

H. L. S., Washington.—The two together never had pure gold enough to fill that space at any one time. Such is our opinion, which is all that this question calls for.

C. E. O'B., Albany.—It is our preference to never meddle with these combination bets, which should be left wholly to the pool-room that devises or sells them.

EQUUS.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC. You ought to know that neither Eclipse nor any other horse ever went a mile in a minute.

W. W. S., Boston.—You lose. As your proposition can only be held to mean, and as you no doubt meant, A was not to win better than fourth prize, for you to win.

HEINZEL, Mass.—A man can't bet on "a sure thing," as you term it, and win, if he be employed to handle in procuring the bet.

BURROX, Waterbury.—Unless the game is being played in single hands or deals, a player at cassino can call out on anything.

W. H. B., Houston.—1. No. Charles K. Fox, a brother of George L. Fox, traveled with Tarry Demer one season, playing Pantaloon. 2. For G. L. Fox.

M. K. G.—We cannot offer any opinion in regard to either, further than that both have always dealt honorably with us.

C. L. C.—No answers by mail. A letter addressed to her in care of this office will reach her. We never publish the private addresses of professional ladies.

W. T. CULLEN.—The only man who defeated Tom Sayers in the prize-ring was Nat Langham, whose fighting weight was 154lb. Sayers' weight was 152lb.

J. N. MCC., Cleveland.—All the information we can give will be found in the article upon the subject in our athletic department.

W. O. C., Carpenter.—The "menu" portion of your bill is similar to the one referred to, but the other portions are dissimilar.

ARRIES S., Rio Grand City.—The lines are irregular and unrhythmical, and have no proper jingle, and the construction generally is faulty. Try again, using more care.

COAL HEAVER.—Scott Hastings is living in Chicago, and Rafferty in Brooklyn. We have not the addresses of Asa Brainard and E. Mills.

W. H. K.—1. No authentic record exists of the fastest time made in base-running. 2. Pike played with the Hartfords in 1874.

BRADLEY, Troy.—The score of the first game between the Chicagos and Louisvilles in 1876 was 4 to 0 in favor of the Chicagos.

SPORT, Pittsburg.—1. You are near the course. Make the inquiry there. 2. Address Chas. Lincoln, at the office of *The Horse and Stream*, this city.

TRAVELER, Buffalo.—We have no record of all the amateur games ever played in Buffalo, and, consequently, cannot say.

T. M. BIRCHMEIER.—Your sub. expires with No. 21, vol. 27.

F. A. L., Eastern.—So long as they made a run, A loses, of course.

C. T. S., Detroit.—Theodore Schmitz, 6 Park place, New York.

BEN FITZSIMONS.—Wash your dog occasionally with carbolic soap.

M. McF., Brooklyn.—A and the fifth man are tied. It is not incumbent upon them to toss off, but they can do so.

LEW BURNS.—Such an advertisement would cost you forty-five cents.

EDWARD FISHER.—See announcement in our athletic department.

H. B. M.—At forty-fives, spades being trumps, the king of clubs beats the ace of clubs.

W. K., Eureka.—Thomas H. McAllister, 49 Nassau street, New York.

READER.—You can get a catalogue from the Petersons of Philadelphia, who publish Dumas' works.

F. E. G., Aberdeen.—We publish the fair-list about the end of August.

K. P. AND D.—The stakeholder can pay the money over without the consent of the loser.

J. L. JR., Harlem.—It is about seventeen miles from the City Hall to Yonkers, in a straight line.

K. P., Boston.—Your question is not clear. What did you suppose he had for an object?

H. V., Philadelphia.—Johnny Dwyer was born at St. John's, N. F., of Irish parents.

J. W. S., Boston.—The man whose breast first touched the tape held by the outcome judges won the race.

J. L., Boston.—Three treys and two fours beat three deuces and two aces at dice.

CAL. H., Philadelphia.—Thanks; but we shall not require one.

JAMES, Shamokin.—Opinions differ on that point; but we think you ought to get a fairly good breed out of them.

MRS. B., Pittsburg.—Address Geo. Holman, manager, Royal Opera-house, Toronto, Canada.

W. A. H., Norfolk.—No answers by mail. Address a letter to Arr in care of this office.

J. W., Detroit.—Read THE CLIPPER attentively, and you will find the desired information within your reach.

W. H. W., Eufaula.—No answers by mail. She was the wife of the gentleman you name.

HARRY MAC, Washington.—It was at Genesee Falls that Sam Patch made the leap which terminated fatally.

READER, Fulton.—The Bostons were third in the League championship series on July 17.

NEW BROOKLYN.—Goldsmith Maid's fastest time is 2:14.

W. H. P., Boston.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1879.

C. F. PERKINS, Canton.—We do not require one there.

J. S., Georgetown.—Both parties are in the right.

H. S. AND OTHERS.—In the Park Theatre, this city.

J. H. N., Pittsburg.—Yes. See his advertisement.

R. G. G., Hunter Fall.—2. We do believe.

DECLINED—"America Still Ahead."

J. J., Ontario.—2:13½, by Rarus.

P. Q.—She is in Honolulu, H. I.

THIS is the season when the country newspapers volunteer to read us New-Yorkers lessons as to conducting excursions in an orderly and peaceable manner. Rhode Island, which assumes much because of its contiguity to Rocky Point, is foremost in giving New York and Boston good advice. Bless "Little Rhody!" her whole territory has but few more people than three steamboats carry away from our docks daily, and no one of these boats goes on more than two excursions a day. There are more policemen employed on one of the half-dozen steam railroads running to Coney Island than can be found in the entire State of Rhode Island, and on no train of ordinary size is there more than one policeman. So much for the week-day sport. As for our Sunday excursions, they keep a hundred steamboats in motion, to say nothing of barges and sailing craft, and they employ a dozen railroads, most of them running trains every fifteen or twenty minutes, and many of the trains needing two engines to pull from fifteen to twenty cars. Editors in the country are too apt to fancy that the excursions which are gotten up in the metropolis are like the affairs that impart an air of occasional grandeur to their own little villages. A rainy day here means a difference of nearly half a million dollars to the people who run railroads, steamboats, and hotels for transient guests. Excursions from New York on a Sunday mean the transportation of at least two hundred and fifty thousand people all the way from six miles to forty. To insure absolute "peace and quietness," almost every man who is not an excursionist would have to be either a deckhand or a policeman. It is to the credit of the metropolis that among the vast multitudes she ships on these short voyages there are so few who cause trouble.

THE RECORD of the closing days of July is a painful one for the amusement public to contemplate. First, Frank Langley the actor died; then Anna Teresa Berger the troubadour forsook home and parents to "cleave only to him," who is Leigh Lynch; next J. C. Franklin the pantomimist, who was the Consumptive Juror in A. Oakey Hall's original play at our Park Theatre, died of consumption in Philadelphia; then the divine Fanny Davenport gave herself away to Edwin Price the actor, the Burchell of her Ovia; and, finally, Ben Lowell the agent and showman turned his weary eyes away from earth forever. It is seldom that so many sadnesses crowd themselves into so brief a period.

THE AUGUST NIGHTS are here, and the fiend of the beer-wagon is in his glory, this being the month when he is at his fullest. The bold charioteer of the bu'cher-cart, who, like Death, claims all seasons as his own, hides his diminished head as the juggernaut with the empty kegs whirls past on its six-o'clock trip, pausing not for man or beast, chick or child, but crushing all, regardless of color or of any condition different from that of him who holds the reins and cracks the whip. Much has been sung in praise of the possibilities of the policeman's club. Nothing like justice has ever been done in print to the actualities of the prodding "tongue" of the beer-phaeton.

WELL, we are to have another go-as-you-please controversy in the early part of next month, and, in addition to the English peds. who are to take part in the competition, it is hinted that Sir John Astley, the author of the belt, will come over to see the race. Our friends from the other side anticipate a golden harvest, no doubt; but whether they or our own peds. will gather it in "is something no feller can find out." Sir John, if he comes, will be as big an attraction as anything on the board.

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SPELLING.

The National Educational Convention, in the proceedings of which "Our Jim" was greatly interested, has subsided. The Jim boy favored the convention, because, as he alleges, it sought to improve our spelling, and make big words and little alike easy for the professional or amateur. This is what he has to say upon the subject:

This was a grate da 4 our skool sistem, and the konvenshun man b set down as tru bln. This body of edukated pepil shode wat the tunneyrin k pabil of. Tha fel into mi wuse like a klam-chowder klub fauls in wen grub is reddy. Tha hev agrede to spel bred as 4 spel it, levin out the a: likewys helth, as i spel it, agane nockin the a out; wyselv tha cum out okware to for spellin deth like that, and breth the same wa. Instid of going the old wa to git at jografee, they adopted the stile i adop. These is a fu more improvments tha made agreabl to mi rool: Ski, fi, burd, stronmy, Kony iland, Briton beche, Skoolkil, Nu Jursy, 4da, jimnast, ele, blu fish, turtil, wittils, Nover Skosher, puttooooooo's, iskreme, guri, yung, stepli, warter, licker, ager, nife, sord, kole, te, hoptode, and uther wurds 2 numeris 2 menshin, and of wich I hav yused fur yeres. Truly, time sits aul things evin. Yoorn, OUR JIM.

E. NORMAN GUNNISON the poet, with whose tender and beautiful compositions the readers of THE CLIPPER are so familiar, thus writes concerning his long-time friend Professor John Hart, of whose decease mention was made in our last. We ought to state, in this connection, that Mr. Gunnison is seriously ill at his home in York, Pa., confined to his bed most of the time, and when he undertakes to rise from that bed he sometimes falls from sheer inability to support himself. Let us hope that he may be spared to us for years to come.

Poor John Hart the elocutionist! how sudden he went! Do you remember how healthy and handsome he looked, standing at the door of your study, in the now vanished Summer? I had so longed to have two of my dearest friends meet. I wonder if others will think of me as tenderly when I am gone. Who would have thought that he would go first? He died at three o'clock Sunday morning of last week. No braver, truer soul having fonght life's battle ever entered into rest. God bless him, alive or dead! To such souls we cannot say "Good-night," but can only wait till in some brighter land we say "Good-morning."

THE PICKETS of the army of absentees are already making their appearance at the front, a few of the more daring pushing themselves right into the city. They report the army as on the move, and anxious to get home. Skirmishers are feeling their way, and, although they are harassed by mosquitoes in front and rear, they are content to suffer in that small way, rather than continue to face a multitude of ills at the resorts now occupied by the grand army. By the middle of the month half of the absentees will be packing their valises for a forward march. We, who were left to defend the citadel, are living in clover, with rations composed of all the delicacies and luxuries of the season, and entire suites of large and airy rooms at our disposal. After all, it is a good thing to be a home-guard.

WE, who pinned our faith on the American representative Parole, in the race for the Goodwood Cup, on July 31, mourn our loss, the nearest our horse came to winning being third place, Parole's former easily-beaten antagonist Isonomy taking the coveted trophy. Perhaps the track was a trifle too heavy for us, or the rain wetter for Parole than it was for the others, or something of the sort; but certain it is that "we" got left. It it will be any consolation to our readers, we would respectfully submit that on July 30, at the same meeting, Mr. Lorillard's Geraldine won the Levant Stakes, and the other six runners levanted in a somewhat demoralized condition. We may be happy yet.

PERSONAL.—A Fifth-avenue tramp wishes to exchange a high-toned tramp-route during the month of August while the dog-star reigneth—would prefer a seaside or fashionable inland watering-place, where he could obtain an occasional quail on toast, black tea, ices, etc. Nothing but the advice of his physician would compel him to solicit an exchange, the high-seasoned dishes he is compelled to daily eat, consisting of deviled crabs, lobster-salad, cocoanut pastry, canned salmon and old government coffee having superinduced a slight attack of indigestion. References exchanged. Address Trampus, P. O. Box 4,11,44, New York.

SOME of the "spiritualists," or beer-venders, at Long Branch, desire to make a temperance hall of the big pier down there, and to that end secured the arrest of the Messrs. Leland on the charge of selling liquor without a license. This is very sad; and, although appearances for the moment might be against the proprietors of the pier, it does not appear likely that the friends of the movement will prevail, and beer will continue to form a special attraction of "the long wharf."

THE GREENE COUNTY case is a warning to young men who propose marriage without ever uttering a thoughtful word as to the bridal trousseau. Georgiana Nichols did not kill herself because her lover was not ready to marry at once, but because, as she herself said in the note she left behind, "she had so few clothes." A man can confront Hymen in his every-day suit, but not so a woman. She must have at least one trunk before promising to "love, honor and obey."

IT WAS at Newport. The sun was sinking to rest at the close of a beautiful day, as a pure and innocent young girl laved her feet in the receding waves of the sea as they fell and broke upon the sandy shore. She poured forth her soul in praise as she calmly surveyed the lovely scene. "Oh, rapture!" she cried, and then suddenly dopped down to disconnect a small crab that had fastened to her big toe!

SOME of the politicians propose to nominate Cox for the office of Governor of this State. This scheme should be nipped in the bud. Its object is clearly to assist in the escape of a murderer. If nominated, he will run, of course; and that will be the last that Judge Cowing, who has been to some pains in his case, will hear of Chastine Cox.

THE WEATHER was so intensely hot on Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday that venders of ice-cream and ice-cold lemonade became the happiest people in the world, and piously prayed for a continuance of such heavenly zephyrs! Ice-dealers were like unto them, and promised that if the heat continued they would attend camp-meeting in a body.

THEY do not tolerate neglect in sausage-makers everywhere. In Liverpool, for example, one of the craft was recently fined for displaying a lot of putrid beef, pork and veal on his stand, instead of having it neatly wrapped up in sausages.

THE past week was fatal to the hopes and expectations of the small boy, a-many of him being drowned, while others lost their grip on life by losing their grip on the fruit-tree they had stealthily invaded.

SULLIVAN AND GILBERT'S Oyl Carte, says "Our Jim," is unloading oleaginous taffy for the benefit of American managers. Does the lad mean to insinuate that he is greasing them?

ALL THOSE PARTIES who have flyers that they wish to be tried on the Presidential course will please trot them out without delay.

WE ARE told that the French actor Barre, "after the stage, loves fishing best." Probably because he can quietly study his lines while fishing.

THE SOLID SOUTH makes its own solid ice, and in this way soon saves itself from being isolated from the frozen North!

THE NAME of *The* (London) *Truth* is all right enough, but do its principles *lie* in the same direction?

WHEN the Knights-templar go on a picnic, they call it "making a pilgrimage."

CHASTE COX did wrong to kill Mrs. Hull, but why did she talk in her sleep?

CAN Old Ocean's waste be properly confined by a ship's stays?

THE AUGUST NIGHTS are here, and the fiend of the beer-wagon is in his glory, this being the month when he is at his fullest. The bold charioteer of the bu'cher-cart, who, like Death, claims all seasons as his own, hides his diminished head as the juggernaut with the empty kegs whirls past on its six-o'clock trip, pausing not for man or beast, chick or child, but crushing all, regardless of color or of any condition different from that of him who holds the reins and cracks the whip. Much has been sung in praise of the possibilities of the policeman's club. Nothing like justice has ever been done in print to the actualities of the prodding "tongue" of the beer-phaeton.

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GALE, Page 7.—Formerly well-known as a piano'orte manufacturer of this city—White Plains, N. Y., July 30, aged 65.

GUTIERREZ, Alonzo.—A well-known resident of Brooklyn, N. Y., and formerly a lieutenant in the United States Navy—Brooklyn, July 31, aged 44.

HUTTER, Major George.—Formerly a paymaster in the United States Army—Lynchburg, Va., July 31, aged 87.

HOWELL, Hon. George R.—At one time a prominent politician of Suffolk County, N. Y., which he represented in the State Legislature in 1857—Riverhead, L. I., July 30, aged 59.

IZARD, J. Allen S.—An ex-officer of the United States Army, and for many years a planter in South Carolina—Richland Springs, N. Y., July 27, aged 80.

JOHNSON, Joseph.—A retired manufacturer of Philadelphia, Pa.—there, July 30, aged 88.

KILBURN, Isaac B.—A prominent citizen of Newark, N. J., where he had held various local offices—there, July 30.

LAKE, Colonel Harvey.—A veteran of the Mexican War, in which he had distinguished himself—San Francisco, Cal., July 27.

LITTLE, W. Y.—President of the Alabama Senate—Selma, Ala., July 28.

LOWELL, Benj. F.—A well-known theatrical manager, (See Drama)—here, July 31, aged 41.

LAYTON, W. T. M.—One of the leading lawyers of Northwestern Ohio, and an ex-Mayor of Manchester, O., where he had held many other positions of trust and honor—there, July 31, aged 50.

MATTHEWS, Tennessee.—A journalist of Jefferson City, Mo.—there, July 25, aged 40.

MUSGROVE, Henry.—State Auditor of Mississippi from 1869 to 1871, and a leading banker of Jackson, in that State—Chicago, Ill., Aug. 1.

MEDHURST, John.—Formerly editor and manager of *The Fireside Companion*—here, July 30, aged 51.

NORRIS, Richard.—A prominent citizen of Baltimore-Garrett County, Md., Aug. 1 aged 61.

NICHOLAS, Frederick William.—The Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin—Cable-dispatch dated July 29, aged 52.

O'BRIEN, Bishop.—Of Kingston, Ont.—Quebec, Aug. 1.

PERSCHKIL, Carl Gottlieb.—A noted German painter, and a teacher in the Dresden Art Academy for the past forty years—Dresden, Saxony, recently, aged 81.

PORTER, James Madison.—A well-known citizen of Easton, Pa., and a prominent member of the Masonic fraternity—there, Aug. 2.

PARKER, Lewis.—One of the oldest and most respected citizens of Trenton, N. J.—there, Aug. 2, aged 93.

RATHBUN, Charles H.—A prominent citizen of Buffalo, N. Y.—there, July 28.

SCOTT, Rev. J. W.—An accomplished scholar, who had devoted his life for the most part to the interests of education—Charlotte, N. C., July 25.

SANDS, Robert A.—One of the oldest and most respected druggists of this city—here, July 30, aged 74.

TOWN, Dr. R. R.—An old and highly respected physician of Frankfort, Ind.—there, July 31.

TREADWELL, Major Thomas J.—Of the United States Ordnance Department—Governor's Island, N. Y., Aug. 2, aged 50.

TAYLOR, James.—Janitor of the dissecting-room of Jefferson Medical College for over forty years—Philadelphia, Pa., Aug 1.

VON GEROLT, Baron Frederick—Privy Councilor to the Emperor of Germany—Bonn, Germany, July 28, aged 80.

WYMAN, Luther B.—One of the most prominent citizens of Brooklyn, N. Y., where he was identified with musical matters—there, July 27, aged 74.

THE TURF.

RACING AT SARATOGA.

The Summer meeting at Saratoga, N. Y., was continued on Monday, July 28, this being an extra day. The weather was fine, but the track had not yet been put in good order after the storm it had received, and the going was heavy. The first race was a three-quarters-of-a-mile dash, for $300, with allowances, and eight started. Bonnie Wood being the favorite. They had great trouble in getting away, thirteen attempts being made before the word was effected, and two jockeys were being suspended for disobedience. When the flag did fall to a good send-off, the favorite rushed to the front, where she remained throughout the race, winning by two lengths in 1:18¾; Mark L. second, Bulwark third, Lucky Hit fourth, Charissima, and Dell following in this order. Just after starting, Charissima, who was second choice in the betting, was badly fouled by Dell. The next event was for $500, a mile and three-quarters, and had but two starters, Finance (113) fairly running away from Danicheff (111), and finishing in a gallop. Time, 3:09¾. This was succeeded by a mile dash, for $300, for three-year-olds, nine starting, with Scotilla selling ahead of the lot and Una second favorite. The former carried 103lb., the latter the same. The unruly jockeys caused another provoking delay, and the starter found it necessary to suspend Harvey. The start was a straggling affair, Una being first to show a decided lead, but in the second quarter she was passed by Verdict (103), the latter, in turn, giving way to Lancewood (108), after a close order around the turn and past the three-quarter pole. Skylark (105) was sixth at this point, but now he was brought forward, and, gaining rapidly, he ran through his horses on the homestretch, and reached them with a half length advantage. Time, 1:45¼. Bonnie Carrie (96) was second, and Claudia third, the others in a bunch, except Clarissima, who was a long way behind. A selling race, a mile and a quarter, $350, was contended for by five horses, Jimmie Lyd for mile and a quarter of a mile, when she was passed by Annie Augusta, who was still leading as they went around the lower turn; but now the favorite, Kenny, was given his head, and, cutting the others down in succession, he won the race by a half length after a fine finish, Clemmie C. was second, Bill Dillon third, Annie Augusta fourth, and Nipper last. Time, 2:15¾..... Tuesday, July 29, was the fifth regular day of the meeting, and, although the card was not particularly attractive, there was a moderate attendance. The racing as a whole was not interesting, two of the events being really nothing more than walks-over for one of the two horses entered for each. The first of these was a mile dash, for $300, with allowances, Bramble (106) making a good run for Comet (105). Time, 1:49. The next was for $500, a mile and a half, and, after a waiting race between Checkmate (115lb) and Belle (115lb), the former, who was a rattling favorite, won with ease by a length in the slow time of 2:40. The third event was a mile dash, which presented the appearance of a contest, was the Saratoga Stakes for two-year-olds, $100 each, $700 added, three-quarters of a mile. George Lorillard entered Sensation and Grenada, and they sold as first choice in the pools, the odds given being 6 to 5 on. The result showed that those who backed the stable were sensible, for they came in first and second respectively, although Beafa ran well enough to make them show their full speed, she finishing a length in front of Grenada, who was a half length in rear of the winner. Time, 1:18. The afternoon's equine exercises were brought to a close with a selling race for $300, a mile and an eighth, which had as contestants Charley Gorham (109lb), Franklin (103), Una (90), Bulwark (95), and Enterprise (87). Gorham was a big favorite, Franklin sold second, and Una was thought of. The result of the contest was a great disappointment to the knowing ones, as the favorite failed to get a place, Una leading all the way and landing a winner by more than a length, Franklin second, Bulwark third, and Gorham fourth. Time, 1:59¼..... Wednesday, July 30, was the fourth extra day of the meeting, and, the weather being pleasant, there was a goodly company present. The first race was a dash of five furlongs, for two-year-olds, $300, for which half a dozen started, the favorite, Carrie (97lb), winning very handily in 1:05½, a length before Duplicate (97), who was four lengths ahead of Zicka (102). This was followed by a free handicap sweepstakes of $25 each

BASEBALL.

GAMES TO BE PLAYED.

NATIONAL.

Aug. 8, New Bedford vs. Holyoke, at New Bedford.
Aug. 6, Worcester vs. Holyoke, at Worcester.
Aug. 7, Worcester vs. Albany, at Worcester.
Aug. 9, Holyoke vs. Springfield, at Holyoke.
Aug. 11, Springfield vs. National, at Springfield.

LEAGUE.

Aug. 5, 6, 7, Syracuse vs. Boston, at Syracuse.
Aug. 5, 6, 7, Troy vs. Providence, at Troy.
Aug. 5, 6, 7, Cincinnati vs. Cleveland, at Cincinnati.
Aug. 5, 6, 7, Chicago vs. Buffalo, at Chicago.
Aug. 9, 11, 12, Cincinnati vs. Chicago, at Cincinnati.
Aug. 9, 11, 12, Cleveland vs. Buffalo, at Cleveland.
Aug. 9, 11, 12, Troy vs. Boston, at Troy.
Aug. 9, 12, 13, Syracuse vs. Providence, at Syracuse.

LOCAL.

Aug. 6, Jersey City vs. Poughkeepsie, at Jersey City.
Aug. 9, Jersey City vs. National of Washington, at Jersey City.

OTHER GAMES.

Aug. 5, Athletic vs. Remsen, at Philadelphia.
Aug. 6, Defiance vs. Easton, at Philadelphia.
Aug. 7, Baltimore vs. National of Washington, at Baltimore.
Aug. 7, Athletic vs. Defiance, at Philadelphia.
Aug. 8, Athletic vs. National of Washington, at Philadelphia.
Aug. 11, 12, Albany vs. Jersey City, at Albany.

GAMES BY TELEGRAPH.

The following are the results by telegraph of the games played on Aug. 4:

Albany vs. Worcester, at Albany	13 to 8
New Bedford vs. Holyoke, at New Bedford	9 2

THE NATIONAL ARENA.

The disbandment fever in the National arena has disappeared. It was only "sporadic," not "epidemic," and the application of greenback plasters to some of the worst affected has had a remedial effect, and now all is likely to go smoothly with the six living clubs to the close of October. Albany stock is still at a premium. In fact, with a record placing them at the head of the list in won games, and with comparatively few defeats to handicap them in the race, their chances of ultimate success are excellent. Should Buffalo win the League pennant—which is not now improbable—and Albany the National pennant, our State would carry off all the professional honors of the campaign, and "Out West" as well as "Down East" would be left out in the cold. Worcester—badly overweighted with its May defeats—is manfully struggling to recover its lost ground, while the cry with the teams of Washington, Springfield and Holyoke is "On to Richmond;" but it does not seem easy to get "On to Richmond," technically speaking, as his pitching is not what the batsmen can get "onto" very well. To show the relative standing of the six clubs now in the field, we give below the record of their games with one another, not including the game with the disbanded teams.

	Albany.	Holyoke.	Springfield.	Worcester.	New Bedford.	Won.
Albany		2	3	4	5	14
National	3	3	3	2	4	15
Holyoke	2		2	3	3	10
Springfield	1	2		4	3	13
Worcester	2	3	2		4	11
New Bedford	1	1	1	1		4
Games lost	7	8	13	15	16	19

Counting all the games, the relative positions of the nine clubs are as follow:

	Won.	Lost.		Won.	Lost.
Albany	20	8	New Bedford	10	19
National	17	10	*Manchester	7	9
Springfield	16	12	*Rochester	5	9
Holyoke	16	15	*Utica	0	5
Worcester	16	18			

* Disbanded.

THE LEAGUE CAMPAIGN.

The close of July ends the third month of the League campaign, and the appended table, showing the total games won and lost by each club during May, June, and July, will be useful in giving an idea as to what chance each has of getting to the front by the close of the season.

MAY.	Won.	Lost.	JUNE.	Won.	Lost.	JULY.	Won.	Lost.
Chicago	14	1	Chicago	9	3	Buffalo	13	4
Providence	10	5	Providence	9	3	Boston	11	6
Cincinnati	8	7	Buffalo	8	5	Cincinnati	11	7
Syracuse	8	7	Boston	7	6	Chicago	11	8
Boston	6	9	Troy	6	6	Providence	10	8
Buffalo	6	9	Cleveland	5	7	Cleveland	6	12
Troy	4	11	Cincinnati	3	9	Syracuse	6	12
Cleveland	3	12	Syracuse	3	10	Troy	3	14

It will be noticed that Buffalo and Boston have made a steady rise from the start, while the falling-off by Albany from May to July is equally noteworthy. Cincinnati shows a gain since June, while Troy has fallen off terribly. Cleveland has pulled up since May, while Providence has lost ground. Buffalo is pushing Providence for second place, and if successful in doing this we week, George Wright will have to fight hard to retain his position. The record to Aug. 4, inclusive, is as follows:

	Chicago.	Providence.	Buffalo.	Boston.	Cincinnati.	Syracuse.	Cleveland.	Troy.	Won.
Chicago		4	5	0	4	7	3	3	35
Providence	4		4	4	7	3	3	6	32
Buffalo	5	4		7	3	5	6	2	32
Boston	0	4	3		4	6	5	5	28
Cincinnati	5	2	0	3		4	5	0	24
Syracuse	3	1	2	4	3		6	0	19
Cleveland	3	1	0	3	1	0		4	14
Troy	1	0	4	3	4	4	2		12
Lost	12	18	18	21	20	24	30	32	175

THE CALIFORNIA LEAGUES.

The following is the record of the championship games in the California and Pacific Leagues, respectively, up to July 28, inclusive:

CALIFORNIA.	Athletic.	California.	Mutual.	National.	Oakland.	Pastime.	Reno.	Won.
Athletic		2	3	1	3	1	0	10
California	2		3	3	1	2	1	12
Mutual	0	1		1	2	1	0	5
Oakland	3	3	3		3	2	1	18
Lost	5	9	9	5	9	6	2	45

PACIFIC.	Eagle.	Knickerbocker.	Reno.	Star.	Won.
Eagle		1	2	1	4
Knickerbocker	3		2	2	7
Reno	3	1		2	6
Star	3	2	2		7
Lost	9	4	6	5	24

THE LEAGUE RECORD FOR JULY.

July 1, Providence vs. Boston, at Providence	8	to 4
July 1, Buffalo vs. Cleveland, at Cleveland	9	0
July 1, Syracuse vs. Troy, at Syracuse (4 innings)	5	0
July 1, Cincinnati vs. Chicago, at Chicago	7	3
July 2, Buffalo vs. Cleveland, at Cleveland	4	0
July 2, Syracuse vs. Troy, at Syracuse	3	0
July 2, Cincinnati vs. Chicago, at Chicago	9	3
July 4, Boston vs. Chicago, at Chicago	4	3
July 4, Providence vs. Troy, at Providence	7	1
July 4, Cincinnati vs. Syracuse, at Cincinnati	9	1
July 4, Cleveland vs. Buffalo, at Cleveland	14	3
July 5, Chicago vs. Boston, at Chicago	4	2
July 5, Providence vs. Troy, at Providence	5	2
July 5, Cincinnati vs. Syracuse, at Cincinnati	5	2
July 5, Buffalo vs. Cleveland, at Buffalo	9	2
July 7, Providence vs. Boston, at Providence	7	1
July 8, Syracuse vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati	6	3
July 8, Chicago vs. Boston, at Chicago	4	3
July 8, Buffalo vs. Cleveland, at Buffalo	2	1
July 10, Chicago vs. Syracuse, at Chicago	6	2
July 10, Providence vs. Cleveland, at Cleveland	6	2
July 11, Chicago vs. Buffalo, at Chicago (12 innings)	5	4
July 11, Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati	11	7
July 12, Syracuse vs. Chicago, at Chicago (11 innings)	3	2
July 12, Providence vs. Cleveland, at Cleveland	7	3
July 12, Cincinnati vs. Boston, at Cincinnati	4	3
July 12, Buffalo vs. Troy, at Buffalo, A. M	4	3
July 12, Buffalo vs. Troy, at Buffalo, P. M. (12 inn.)	8	4
July 14, Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati	8	4
July 14, Cleveland vs. Providence, at Cleveland (15 innings)	7	5
July 15, Chicago vs. Troy, at Chicago	11	0
July 15, Cincinnati vs. Providence, at Cincinnati	9	0
July 15, Cleveland vs. Syracuse, at Cleveland (11 inn.)	8	7
July 15, Buffalo at Buffalo	4	0
July 16, Chicago vs. Troy, at Chicago	4	0
July 16, Providence vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati	5	1
July 16, Cleveland vs. Syracuse, at Cleveland	10	1
July 16, Boston vs. Buffalo at Buffalo	5	3
July 17, Chicago vs. Troy, at Chicago	6	0
July 17, Providence vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati	12	3
July 17, Boston vs. Buffalo, at Buffalo	8	3
July 17, Syracuse vs. Cleveland, at Cleveland	8	6
July 18, Providence vs. Chicago, at Chicago	5	4
July 19, Cleveland vs. Boston, at Cleveland	8	7
July 19, Cincinnati vs. Troy, at Cincinnati (11 inn.)	7	6
July 19, Buffalo vs. Syracuse, at Buffalo	10	1
July 21, Providence vs. Chicago, at Chicago (5 inn.)	0	0
July 21, Cincinnati vs. Troy, at Cincinnati	10	0
July 21, Boston vs. Cleveland, at Cleveland	5	3
July 21, Buffalo vs. Syracuse, at Buffalo	3	1
July 22, Chicago vs. Buffalo, at Chicago	3	2
July 23, Providence vs. Chicago, at Chicago	13	4
July 23, Boston vs. Cleveland, at Cleveland	3	2
July 24, Troy vs. Cleveland, at Cleveland	2	0
July 24, Buffalo vs. Providence, at Buffalo	6	2
July 24, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Chicago	6	3
July 26, Cincinnati vs. Chicago, at Chicago	11	3
July 26, Buffalo vs. Providence, at Buffalo	6	0
July 26, Syracuse vs. Boston, at Syracuse	3	0
July 28, Cincinnati vs. Chicago, at Chicago	7	5
July 28, Buffalo vs. Providence, at Buffalo	7	1
July 28, Cleveland vs. Troy, at Cleveland	5	4
July 28, Boston vs. Syracuse, at Syracuse	12	4
July 29, Boston vs. Syracuse, at Syracuse	13	0
July 30, Boston vs. Troy, at Troy	9	0
July 30, Chicago vs. Cleveland, at Chicago (10 inn.)	7	6
July 30, Providence vs. Syracuse, at Syracuse	9	2
July 31, Buffalo vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati (10 in)	6	5
July 31, Chicago vs. Cleveland, at Chicago	6	3
July 31, Boston vs. Troy, at Troy	19	0
July 31, Providence vs. Syracuse, at Syracuse	10	2
July 31, Buffalo vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati	5	3

Seventy-two games..... Totals..... 518 224

Average of winning nines, 7 and 14 over. Average of losing nines, 3 and 8 over.

OMAHA vs. DESERET.

The Omahas of Omaha, Neb., while on their tour to California, played three games at Salt Lake City, Utah, with the Deseret Club, on July 24, 25, 26. The first two games were easily won by the Omahas, but in the third the home nine collared Whitney's pitching, and secured the victory. McKelvey and Funkhouser of the Deserets are well-known players, the latter having caught for Princeton College last year. The scores of the games were:

DESERET.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	OMAHA.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
McKelvy, c	2	0	2	9	2	1	Cantillon, cf	2	1	2	1	0	1
Funkhouser, 1b	0	0	0	9	0	0	J. Whitney, p	2	2	1	1	0	2
Redding, 2b	0	0	0	2	1	1	C. Whitney, 2b	2	1	1	1	5	1
Snow, r. f	1	0	1	1	0	0	Dolan, c	1	1	1	14	3	2
Duke, s. s	1	0	1	0	3	1	Bailey, r. f	2	0	1	0	0	0
Wheeler, p	0	0	0	1	5	0	Dolan, 3d b	0	0	1	0	1	0
Barlow, l. f	1	1	1	0	0	0	Willgood, 1b	0	0	1	6	0	0
Bess, c. f	2	0	2	0	0	0	Hibben, s. s	0	0	0	0	2	1
L. McKelvy, 2b	0	0	0	2	0	0	Quill, l. f	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	7	2	7	26	14	6	Totals	9	5	8	27	20	6

Omaha	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	3
Deseret	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	2

Umpire, N. J. Lucas of San Francisco.

OMAHA.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	DESERET.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
McKelvy, c	0	0	0	7	0	1	Cantillon, lf	1	0	1	0	0	0
J. Whitney, p	1	1	1	0	12	0	Funkhouser, 1b	1	0	1	7	0	0
C. Whitney, 2b	4	1	2	2	1	1	Redding, 3b	0	1	0	1	2	0
Dolan, c	0	0	0	11	1	0	Snow, r. f	0	0	1	1	0	0
Bailey, r. f	0	1	0	3	0	0	Duke, s. s	0	1	0	1	3	1
Robin, 3d b	0	0	1	1	2	0	Wheeler, p	0	0	0	2	6	0
Willgood, 1b	3	1	1	6	0	3	Barlow, l. f	0	1	0	1	0	0
Hibben, s. s	0	0	0	1	0	0	Bess, c. f	1	0	1	2	0	0
Quill, l. f	0	0	0	0	1	0	L. McKelvy, 2b	1	0	1	3	5	1
Totals	8	4	5	27	17	5	Totals	6	4	6	27	16	3

Omaha	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Deseret	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1

Umpire, F. C. Reed. Time, 2h. 20m

DESERET.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	OMAHA.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
McKelvy, 3b	2	2	1	1	1	2	Cantillon, lf	1	0	1	0	0	0
Redding, c	2	2	1	7	1	0	J. Whitney, p	3	2	2	1	12	1
Duke, s. s	1	2	1	0	3	1	C. Whitney, 2b	4	1	3	1	3	4
Funkhouser, 1b	7	3	1	0	0	0	Dolan, c	3	1	2	5	4	1
Toman, l. f	2	2	1	3	0	0	Bailey, r. f	2	1	2	0	1	0
Wheeler, p	0	1	0	0	7	2	Robin, 3d b	0	1	0	3	1	2
Snow, 2d b	2	2	2	2	2	0	Willgood, 1b	2	0	1	10	0	1
Bess, c. f	1	1	1	2	0	0	Hibben, s. s	0	0	0	0	1	3
L. McKelvy, rf	0	1	0	2	0	0	Quill, c. f	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	17	15	12	27	14	7	Totals	16	8	11	27	23	12

Deseret	5	0	0	5	0	3	2	0	0	15
Omaha	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	5	0	8

Umpire, Joe Barlow. Time, 2h. 35m.

ATHLETIC VS. DEFIANCE.—A well-played game was the result of the meeting between the Athletics and Defiances on July 30 at Oakdale Park, Philadelphia. The Defiances were strengthened by the addition of Kelly and Connell, formerly of the Athletics, the first-named having lately pitched for the Davenports of Davenport, Ia. The Athletics, by splendid fielding, won a noteworthy victory by a score of 3 to 0.

THE GAME IN CALIFORNIA.

On July 26 the Oakland and Athletic Clubs met for the fourth time this season at Oakland, attracting about 1,500 people. The Oaklands led from the start, and outplayed their opponents at every point. Ellis at third and their new first-baseman Carroll (late of Council Bluffs) distinguished themselves. On the Athletics' side, Williams at first and Crawford played a fine game, a splendid catch of a red-hot liner by the latter gaining great applause.

Oakland	2	1	0	1	0	0	4	0	1	—9
Athletic	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	1	—3

On July 27 the event of the season took place in the meeting of the crack clubs of the rival leagues of the Pacific Coast, and fully seven thousand persons were present. The ferryboats from San Francisco were crowded as early as 10 o'clock with admirers of baseball anxious to get good places. The game was played on the Oakland Cricket Grounds. Nolan's pitching bothered the Athletics greatly, and his batting was also very fine. The old "vet" Foran at second played splendidly, his stopping and throwing being remarkable. Benton distinguished himself by taking two flies in good form. An extraordinary incident was a catch of a sharp fly-tip by Daniels between the bars of his mask, the ball becoming wedged in. Keating's sharp fielding earned for him a good word. The result proved a decided walkover for the Knickerbockers.

KNICK'KR.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	ATHLETIC.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Nolan, p	5	2	2	0	12	0	Torpstein, s. s	4	0	0	0	2	1
Stroud, c. f	5	1	1	0	0	2	Williams, 1b	4	0	0	9	0	2
Smith, 1b	5	1	2	12	0	1	P. C'pstein, lf	4	0	0	1	0	1
Ha'berry, 3b	5	1	1	1	1	0	Barker, p	3	0	0	1	9	1
Earnie, r. f	5	1	1	1	1	1	Crawford, 2b	3	0	0	3	4	0
H. Smith, s. s	5	1	1	2	2	0	Keating, 2b	3	0	0	3	4	1
Angus, l. f	4	2	1	0	0	0	Benton, r. f	3	0	0	0	0	0
Black, c. f	5	1	1	0	1	0	Daniels, c	3	0	0	10	1	0
Foran, 2b	4	2	1	1	5	0	M'Donald, 3b	3	0	0	1	0	2
Totals	42	11	10	27	21	7	Totals	30	1	2	27	16	13

Knickerbocker	2	1	0	0	2	3	0	3	0—11
Athletic	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1

Earned runs—Knickerbocker, 2. Three-base hit—Nolan. Two-base hits—Stroud, Smith. First base on errors—Knickerbocker, 5; Athletic, 1. Struck out—Knickerbocker, 4; Athletic, 9. Passed balls—Daniels, 1; Daniels, 5. Umpire, J. Denny, Mutual Club. Time, 2h.

WORCESTER vs. HOLYOKE.

The fifth championship game between the Worcesters and Holyokes was played on Aug. 2 at Worcester, Mass., before 2,000 spectators. The game was a remarkable one in some respects, inasmuch as the "hard-hitting" Holyokes, who had won easily the first four games, were retired on this occasion without scoring a run, and having but three safe hits credited to them, while the Worcesters' wonderful batting earned the very large number of eleven runs out of seventeen scored. Crane, late of the Springfields, played on this occasion with the Worcesters. The chief credit of this remarkable victory undoubtedly belongs to Richmond, whose pitching again greatly puzzled the opposing batsmen. Knight, Richmond, Sullivan and Bushong did the best batting.

HOLYOKE.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	WORCESTER.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Dorgan, r. f	0	0	0	1	0	0	Wood, l. f	7	4	2	0	0	0
Powell, 1st b	0	0	0	9	0	0	Knight, r. f	6	3	4	1	0	1
Connor, 3d b	4	0	0	2	0	1	Bennett, c	6	1	2	6	0	0
Winchester, 2b	3	0	0	1	3	2	Whitney, 3b	6	1	0	1	1	0
Gillespie, r. f	3	0	0	1	1	0	Crane, 2d b	6	1	1	1	5	0
Welch, p	3	0	1	1	5	2	Sullivan, 1b	5	1	1	17	1	0
Hoshby, s. s	3	0	0	1	4	0	Irwin, s. s	6	2	3	0	4	0
Sullivan, c. f	3	0	0	2	0	0	Bushong, c	6	2	4	5	3	2
Roseman, l. f	3	0	0	3	1	2	Richmond, p	6	2	4	0	9	0
Totals	30	0	3	27	17	11	Totals	55	17	25	27	23	4

Worcester	2	1	7	5	0	0	1	1	0—17
Holyoke	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Earned run—Worcester, 1. Two-base hits—Crane, Sullivan, Bushong, Powell. Three-base hits—Knight, Bennett. First base on errors—Worcester, 4; Holyoke, 2. Double-plays—Crane, Sullivan and Whitney. Passed balls—Dorgan, 2; Bushong, 1. Wild pitches—Welch, 2. Umpire, Robert Ferguson. Time, 2h. 40m.

BOSTON vs. TROY CITY.

The Bostons gave the Troy Citys another sound beating when they met on July 31 at Troy, N. Y. The Bostons batted Bradley all over the field and out of it, Jones twice and O'Rourke once, knocking the ball over the fence for a home run, and they also well making four safe hits, including a three-baser. The Trojans earned their three runs, Brouthers being credited with a home-run. Burdock and Evans excelled in fielding on behalf of their respective nines.

BOSTON.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	TROY.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Cogswell, lb	5	4	4	10	0	0	Brouthers, lb	4	1	1	13	0	1
Jones, l. f	6	4	2	0	0	0	Hall, c. f	4	0	0	1	0	0
O'Rourke, c	6	3	3	2	0	0	Lewis, r. f	5	1	2	2	0	1
Houck, r. f	6	1	3	2	0	0	Hawkes, 2d b	4	1	1	3	5	4
Burdock, 2d b	6	2	1	2	6	0	Wansell, l. f	4	1	2	1	0	2
Sutton, s. s	6	1	2	1	2	0	Bond, p	4	0	1	0	4	0
Morrill, 3d b	6	1	0	1	3	1	Evans, r. f	3	0	0	5	2	0
Bond, p	5	1	0	1	4	0	Bradley, p	3	0	0	3	0	4
Snyder, c	5	2	2	11	2	0	Reilly, c	3	0	0	5	0	0
Totals	52	19	14	27	19	2	Totals	32	3	6	27	18	13

Boston	0	0	2	0	3	0	4	0	0—9
Troy	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—3

Earned runs—Boston, 6; Troy, 3. Two-base hits—Sutton, Powell, Bond, Snyder. Three-base hits—Houck, Jones —Jones (2), O'Rourke, Brouthers. Bases on called balls—Jones, Bond, Snyder. First base on errors—Boston, 7; Troy, 1. Passed balls—Snyder, 1; Reilly, 1. Umpire, Bradley. Time, 2h. 40m.

HOLYOKE vs. HUDSON.

Chapman's hard-hitting Holyoke nine visited Hudson, N. Y., on July 28, then and there defeating the local professionals after a close game. Sharp and Roche, late of the Uticas, made their first appearance with the Holyokes on this occasion, and took the position of pitcher and catcher, soon, however, making way for Welch and Dorgan. The visitors were fortunate in batching their hits, and thus won, as follows:

HOLYOKE.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	HUDSON.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Dorgan, r. f. c	5	0	1	4	0	1	Nelson, r. f	5	1	2	3	0	0
Powell, 1st b	5	2	2	9	1	0	Shoupe, s. s	4	0	1	1	4	3
Connor, 3b	4	2	1	0	1	0	Taylor, c. f. p	5	0	1	1	0	0
Wchester, 2b	4	0	2	2	1	0	Taylor, c	5	0	2	3	1	0
Welch, c. f. p	4	1	2	1	2	0	Stevens, l. f	5	0	0	1	0	0
Hoshby, s. s	4	1	2	1	0	0	Noble, 1st b	4	2	2	9	0	0
Sullivan, l. f	4	0	1	2	0	0	Yaves, c	4	2	2	3	0	0
Roche, c	4	0	0	6	2	0	Valentine, p	4	0	1	0	4	1
Alcott, p, c. f	4	0	0	0	3	0	Wilson, 2b	4	0	1	2	2	0
Totals	38	7	9	27	19	4	Totals	40	6	13	27	16	6

Holyoke	4	0	0	0	0	1	0	2	0—7
Hudson	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1—6

Earned runs—Holyoke, 4; Hudson, 3. Two-base hits—Powell, Connor, Winchester (2), Turbidy, Shoupe, Hayes, West, Valentine. First base on balls—Holyoke, 2; Hudson, 3. First base on errors—Holyoke, 2; Hudson, 2. Struck out—Holyoke, 3; Hudson, 11. Double-plays—Nelson, West and Noble. Passed ball—Dorgan. Umpire, John C. Chapman. Time, 2h. 15m.

WORCESTER vs. BROCKTON.

The Worcesters visited Brockton, Mass., on July 30, and played the local team. The result, as expected, was a victory for the visitors, for whom Richmond and Wood did excellent work at the bat. The home-nine hit Richmond pretty freely in the eighth inning, and made the finish rather close.

WORCESTER.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	BROCKTON.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Wood, l. f	5	1	3	0	0	1	Stought'n, lf	5	0	2	3	0	0
Knight, r. f	5	1	2	1	0	0	Donovan, lb	5	0	0	9	0	1
Bennett, c	5	0	1	7	1	0	McGinnis, c	4	0	1	7	1	0
Whitney, 3b	4	0	0	1	1	0	Quinn, r. f	5	1	2	3	0	0
Brady, 2d b	4	0	1	2	3	0	Fair, 3d b	5	1	1	2	2	0
Sullivan, lb	4	0	0	9	0	0	Knowles, ss	5	0	1	2	2	0
Irwin, s. s	4	2	2	0	3	2	Hayes, c. f	4	1	2	3	0	0
Gardner, r. f	4	0	0	0	0	0	Reddy, c	4	0	0	6	1	0
Richmond, p	4	2	3	0	1	0	Shaughnessy, p	4	0	1	1	5	0
Totals	39	6	11	27	14	10	Totals	41	5	11	27	14	0

Worcester	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6—6
Brockton	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	0—5

Two-base hits—Wood, Bennett. Richmond. Home-run—Irwin. Three-base hits—Jones, Irwin. Bases shaded in two errors—Worcester, 2; Brockton, 4. Passed balls—Bennett, 3; Reddy, 2. Wild pitch—Richmond, 1. Umpire, Otis Tilden. Time, 2h. 30m.

PHILADELPHIA vs. ATHLETIC.

The Philadelphias and Athletics met again at Philadelphia, Pa., on July 29, when the former won by superior fielding. The Athletics, who were strengthened by Coons and Keefe, outbatted their opponents, but fielded poorly, their only redeeming feature in that respect being Birchall's play at centre field, he distinguishing himself by two long running catches, one being taken with one hand. Wiley carried off the honors for the Philadelphias in fielding.

PHILADELPHIA.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	ATHLETIC.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Corkhill, 2d b	1	1	3	0		Myers, s. s	0	1	1	2	
Meyerle, s. s	2	0	1	3		Keefe, p	0	1	1	2	
Berkiebach, l. f	0	0	1	0		Shetzline, 2d b	1	2	3	1	
Hays, c	2	1	4	2		Walters, c	1	1	4	0	
Wiley, 3d b	1	1	0	2		Reners, l. f	1	1	1	0	
Reynolds, c. f	1	1	1	0		Coons, 3d b	1	1	0	3	
Delmyre, 1st b	0	1	7	0		Luff, 1st b	0	2	13	0	
Fulmer, p	0	0	0	1		Birchall, c. f	0	2	3	0	
Banker, p	0	0	2	0		Curry, p	0	0	0	1	

CLIPPER SONGS:

"OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, AND FOR THE PEOPLE."

Dem Good Ole Days Afo' De War.

WORDS BY SAM'L N. MITCHELL. MUSIC BY CHARLEY BAKER.

Dem good ole days afo' de war we shall not see no more,
And ole Georgia am not what she used to be;
De merry times am ober now along its sunny shore,
As all de ole plantation nigs am free;
Although we had to labor hard among de cotton rows,
Ole massa gub us all enough to eat;
And nebber did we hab so much of life's most bitter woes
Until de army made us all retreat.
Chorus.—Dem good ole days afo' de war we shall not see no more,
An' ole Georgia am not what she used to be;
De merry times am ober now along its sunny shore,
And all de ole plantation nigs am free.

De boys in blue came marching down one lubly morn in June,
And dey pitched dere camp among de growing corn;
Ole massa he was wide awake, he heard de bugle's tune,
An' when dey come to find him he was gone;
He jined de rebel forces somewhar down in Tennessee,
But fell in battle early in de Fall;
And den de only son he had, while fighting under Lee,
Soon answered to de angel's trumpet call.

We left our dear ole home and frens, de sweet magnolia trees,
And we bid de soger-boys a fond adieu;
De mocking-birds were singing to de gentle Summer breeze,
An' welcomed ebry Union boy in blue;
But since dose happy days of yore we've knocked about de land,
An' poverty hab stared us in de face,
But soon de Angel Gabriel will take us by de hand
And lead us to a quiet resting-place.

Mamma, Kiss Your Little Darling.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY ARTHUR L. FANSHAWE. DEDICATED TO MISS EMMA LEWIS OF ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Mamma, kiss your little darling,
Kiss your loving child once more;
Angels gently wait to bear her
To that bright, celestial shore.
Soon I'll pass the golden portals,
Far beyond all earthly gloom,
Soon I'll reach the shining river,
Far beyond the silent tomb.
Chorus.—Mamma, kiss your little darling,
Gently press me to your breast,
While the strains of heavenly music
Soothe me to eternal rest.

Mamma, dear, I'm going to leave you
For a world more fair than this,
Where we ne'er know care or sorrow—
'Tis a world of perfect bliss.
For a while you here must linger
Till the coming of the night,
Then you'll come to meet me, mamma,
In that happy land so bright.
Chorus.—Mamma, kiss your little darling,
Kiss your loving child once more;
Angels gently wait to bear me
To that happy golden shore.

Troy, N. Y.

"Give All That You Can Spare."

MOTTO SONG.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MY FRIEND GEORGE E. KEADY.

A few short years ago, my friend,
When I was young and gay,
When fortune flapped her flighty wings
Full in the light of day,
I chanced to meet a poor old man,
Bent down with age and care,
And, as he stretched his bony hand,
He asked: "What can you spare?"
Chorus.—So ever let your motto be—
Preserved with precious care—
To help the poor whom you will see,
With all that you can spare.

Though I was well and neatly dressed
To him who passed me by,
Still there were others far more blessed
Than either he or I;
But when the old man's husky voice
Bespoke his silver hair,
I gave him something from my purse—
'Twas all that I could spare.

How many of you here to-night,
Who live in ease at home,
Think of the poor, shut out from light,
As through the streets they roam?
How many here will say to those
Bowed down in sad despair:
"God help thee in thy bitter woes,"
And give all that you can spare!

Bradford, Pa. CHAS. E. PEMBERTON.

THE CASE OF MARGARET VOGEL.

RELATED BY THOSE BEST INFORMED WITH REGARD TO THE FACTS

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

I.—THE NARRATIVE OF SAMUEL CALDWELL, MANAGER OF THE CALDWELL COMEDY COMPANY.

The little that I know, from personal knowledge, about the case of Margaret Vogel can be briefly told.

In September—I think it was the seventh of the month—while we were playing in Pittsburg, Pa., a young woman applied to me for an engagement. She came into my office in the morning, introduced herself as Margaret Vogel, said that she was anxious to adopt the stage as a profession, frankly confessed that she was without money, friends or experience, but begged of me to give her an opportunity to show what she could do. Like all managers, I have a natural antipathy towards amateurs; but something in this girl's appearance, possibly her extraordinary beauty, impressed me so favorably that, after half an hour's conversation with her, I promised to give her the chance she wanted. I was the more willing to do this because we were really short of people, and I wanted a good soubrette. I never regretted my decision. From the very first Margaret Vogel proved herself a valuable acquisition to the company. She was quick to learn, possessed unusual imitative powers, and was thoroughly conscientious about her work. I may add that she seemed, at that time, happy and contented, and that she conducted herself, both on and off the stage, with the utmost propriety.

After playing two weeks in Pittsburg, we started forth on an extended tour which covered a season of six months. Times were hard and business not overgood, but by careful management I succeeded in making both ends meet. We struck the Western circuit first, then traveled South as far as New Orleans, and then worked our way towards California. It was while we were in New Orleans that I first saw Donald Mackenzie. He was pointed out to me by the leading-man as a friend of Miss Vogel's. was afterwards introduced to him, and was given to understand that he was rich, highly connected, and in every way a gentleman. During our first night's stay in New Orleans his attentions to Margaret were open and untiring. He escorted her to and from the theatre, was present at every performance, and spent a good deal of the day in her company. However, I saw nothing wrong in this, as Miss Vogel never neglected her duties, and as she herself told me that Mr. Mackenzie was an old and particular friend. I did not like Donald Mackenzie's appearance, but that may have been only a whim.

After our departure from New Orleans, I fancied that I noticed a change in Margaret Vogel. She was still as devoted to her duties as ever, but, when not actively engaged in these, she appeared depressed and nervous. Once or twice I thought of speaking to her on the subject, but then it occurred to me that it was really none of my business. So I held my tongue. I was none the less convinced, however, that her meeting with Donald Mackenzie had been a most unfortunate episode. Of the terrible results which have since grown out of that meeting the public is already informed. Perhaps, had I assumed a responsibility which I did not then think belonged to me, I might have averted the evil; but few of us are able to see how to regulate our present acts by the demands of the future.

The season of six months for which I had engaged my company ended on the first of March. I re-engaged a majority of the people, and, without losing a day, opened the town of Margaret Vogel was among those who remained with me, and I considered it no less a duty than a pleasure to increase her salary. She was sincerely grateful, but it pained me to see that she was growing day by day more despondent. She rarely smiled now when on the stage, and more than once I found her in tears without any apparent cause. Thus things went on until the latter part of May. Then my eyes were suddenly opened to the truth. I saw plainly enough why Margaret Vogel was cast down and despondent, and why the tears came unbidden into her wonderful hazel eyes. That which should be woman's crowning glory had come to her as a burning shame. The girl was about to become a mother—and there was no ring upon her finger.

If I had not been instructed to be brief in this narrative, I should have something to say of the feelings which stirred my breast when I made this discovery. I must content myself, however, by recording the bare fact that I felt outraged in the first place, and that I could have strangled her betrayer without a twinge of conscience. The truth dawned upon me, as I have said, in May. About the first of June—we were playing then in St. Catherines, Canada—Margaret came to me and asked permission to quit her engagement. She was in a state of intense excitement. Her cheeks, which had grown pale of late, were flushed, her eyes sparkled, and there was the old ring to her voice. I had not seen her so like herself for months—not since the meeting with Donald Mackenzie in New Orleans. Under any other circumstances I should have been astonished, perhaps angry, to hear her ask to be released from her contract. But, with the knowledge which had come to me, I could do nothing less than grant her request.

"It is sudden, I know," she said; "but I have received a letter to-day which brings me great happiness, and which makes it imperative that I should go. Have I not been a good girl, Mr. Caldwell?—for this letter has made me very happy."

"I may never need to make another professional engagement, Mr. Caldwell; but, if I should, it will be under your management. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" I returned.

That was the last I ever saw of her. And that is all I know, from personal knowledge, about the case of Margaret Vogel.

II.—THE NARRATIVE OF JOHN HAGUE, HACKMAN.

All that I know about the case of Margaret Vogel is this: I was driving a hack in Lockport, N. Y., in June. I used to go down to the railway station five or six times a day, when the train came in, to get passengers. It was the third of the month—I fixed the date by its being the day after the firemen's parade—and I was waiting at the station for the 5.15 express. Among the people waiting on the platform I noticed a tall, well-dressed young fellow, who had come down in the Judson House stage, and who kept walking up and down as if he was restless like. I noticed him particularly because he was a stranger in the town, and because he wore a mighty fine diamond-pin. I have a diamond myself, which I got of Sandy Ely, giving him a tobacco-box, a silver ring and two dollars to boot for it. But this young fellow's diamond was a good deal handsomer than mine. When the train arrived—the 5.15 express comes from Niagara Falls and goes East through to New York—the stranger kept his eyes on everybody that got off, as if expecting someone. I kept my eyes on everybody, too, because that was my business, and of course I couldn't help seeing a young lady in a drab suit, with a red satchel, who, the minute she caught sight of the stranger, ran towards him, holding out both her hands. I say I couldn't help noticing this young lady, and I am glad I got one look at her face, for it was enough to do a man good the rest of his life. I remarked to Sandy Ely at the time that she was a daisy, and Sandy promptly rejoined that it was his unbiased opinion that she was a crusher. Her neat drab dress fitted her form as if it had grown there—and what a form it was! I have never seen anything like it, except, maybe, in pictures. Then her face was the sweetest and prettiest you ever saw, all pink and white, with big hazel eyes and red lips, and features regular as if they were made of wax. I am keeping company with a very nice girl myself, but I was obliged to confess that this young lady was a good deal handsomer than mine.

Well, as I said, when she saw the tall young fellow, which she did before he saw her, she ran up to him, holding out both her hands, and she said, says she:

"Donald!"

It was just that one word, which I heard distinctly, because I was standing close to them, holding open the door of my hack and shouting out for passengers—just that one word "Donald;" but I tell you it meant a good deal. It wasn't no brother of hers that she spoke to in that way. I would have bet two dollars on that. The young fellow turned quick enough when he heard her voice, and he took one of her hands cordially enough; but somehow he didn't seem to be as glad to see her as I would, if she had spoken my name the same as she did his.

"I'm glad you've come, Maggie," says he.

Her face dimpled all over with smiles as she answered:

"Did you think I wouldn't come, darling?"

She said that almost in a whisper, but I heard it. The young fellow looked a little vexed, I thought, and glanced about to see if anybody was listening.

"Come," he said, "we will take a carriage."

"Here you are, sir," said I, not forgetting my business. "Step right in. Drive you anywhere in town for half a dollar."

Sandy Ely also made a bid for the party, but, after a hurried look at the two hacks, the tall stranger chose mine—wherein he showed his good sense.

"Any trunks?" says I, when I had got the passengers seated.

"Oh, yes! I had forgotten all about them," answered the young lady, taking a couple of checks out of her purse. But her companion told her to put them back, saying:

"Never mind the trunks now. They will be perfectly safe here until we return." Then, speaking to me, he added: "Do you know where the old Douglass house is, on the Ridge road?"

"Yes, sir," I answered.

"Well, drive there!"

The young fellow had a way of speaking that wasn't very agreeable, but it was not my place to talk back. So I mounted the box and set out for the old Douglass house. It was a drive of about three miles, and, not having any orders to the contrary, I let the horses take their own time. It was a quarter past four—I looked at my watch, so I know—when we got to the house. As I opened the door and held the satchel for my passengers to get out, I noticed that the man's face was very pale, and that his eyes had a strange look in them. The girl, on the contrary, was all smiles, and prettier than ever.

"We shall not be detained very long," said the man, "and I want you to wait here until we return." He slipped a bill into my hand, adding: "You will get as much more when you have driven us back to the station."

Seeing, as I did, that the bill was a V, I told him very promptly that I would wait as long as he wanted me to. He merely nodded his head, and then led the way through the gate and up the winding walk which ran through a small forest of trees to the old Douglass house.

Everybody in Niagara County, I reckon, knows the spot to which I had driven the couple. A good many years ago it was the finest residence about Lockport; but after old John Douglass died it passed out of the family's hands and went to the dogs, for want of care. It came to have a wild look, and people said it was haunted. I didn't take any stock in that story; but still I shouldn't have cared to go through the grounds alone at night. The trees and shrubbery were so thick that you couldn't see a sign of the house from the road, and there was a deep ravine running through the grounds which I've heard people call picturesque, but which always seemed to me a very ugly place. There were no other houses within a quarter of a mile of the Douglass homestead. Altogether, it seemed an odd place to be carrying such a beautiful young lady, and I had wondered all the time I was driving out there what the young fellow meant by it. I supposed then that the house was unoccupied, as I knew very well it had been for years back. I have learned since, however, that I was mistaken. I have learned that the Devil lived there.

With the five-dollar bill in my pocket, and the prospect of getting another, I didn't lose my patience waiting. An hour went by, and there was no sign of my passengers. A half hour more, and then I heard footsteps coming down the walk. The next minute I saw the tall stranger, and by his side the young lady. She had thrown a linen duster about her, which covered her pretty drab dress, and, what I regretted still more, she had drawn a thick veil over her face. There being no veil over the man's face, I could see that he was paler than when he got out of the carriage.

"Drive back to the station," he said in a quick, nervous sort of way. "We want to take the 6.50 train for Buffalo."

"All right, sir," I answered. "Plenty of time!"

At half-past six I drew up at the platform of the station, and again helped my two passengers to alight. The young lady, with the veil still hiding her beautiful face, hurried into the waiting-room. The man, true to his word, slipped another bill into my hand and followed her.

Ten minutes later I saw them get into the drawing-room car of the Buffalo train. I waited aroun the station until the whistle sounded and the train moved off. I was in hopes of getting a last look at the girl's face, but I was disappointed. There she was at one of the windows, with her graceful head resting on her hand—there she was, with the tall man sitting by her side and the little red satchel in her lap. But the veil still covered her face.

III.

THE NARRATIVE OF ALEXANDER TASKER, FARMER.

I live in Niagara County, about three miles out of Lockport, on the Ridge road. On the third day of June I was drawing gravel from Silas Slocum's lot to my own farm, a distance of about a mile and a half. I used Slocum's team, but this job because all of my own horses were otherwise employed. After I had hauled the last load I drove back to Slocum's, put up the team, and started back home on foot. I could save near a quarter of a mile by cutting through the old Douglass farm, so those was my way. As near as I can fix it, it was a little past seven o'clock when I entered the ravine that runs through the Douglass grounds.

I am told to explain the lay of the land at this point. There is a small but dense piece of woods skirting the ravine on both sides. The house lies to the west, and the Ridge road to the north. The ravine begins by running due north and south, but at a point about twenty rods from the road it takes a sharp turn away from the house—that is, to the east. At this turn the trees are the thickest, and both the house and the road are completely shut out from view. I followed the ravine until I got to the turn, where I intended to strike out for the road. It was perfectly light, as the sun did not set that day until half-past seven.

Just as I reached the turn my foot caught in a fallen branch, and I fell. Being close to the edge of the ravine, I went clean down to the bottom, a distance of ten or twelve feet. I was a good deal scratched and bruised, but not much hurt. When I had got onto my feet again, the first thing I noticed was a bit of drab cloth sticking out beneath some loose branches and shrubs. I stooped down to pick up the cloth, when, to my surprise, I found it to be a part of a woman's dress. Throwing aside the branches, I was horrified to find the body of a young woman lying beneath. I stopped only long enough to see that she was handsome and well-dressed, and that there was an ugly bruise on her forehead. Then I clambered up from the ravine, and made all haste to Lockport, not stopping to go home and harness up a team. It was five minutes to eight when I entered the police-station. I told the chief of my discovery, who ordered a carriage, and, soon after, was followed by the Coroner, Dr. Balcom and myself, set out for the Douglass farm. We carried lanterns, so that there was no difficulty in finding the spot. After a hasty examination, the Coroner was convinced that a murder had been committed. He concluded that the best thing to do would be to move the body to the Douglass house, and keep it there until the inquest could be held. Accordingly, we carried the poor young woman up to the house, which, being unoccupied, we felt warranted in taking possession of. We found an old sofa in one of the lower rooms, on which we laid the body. While we were thus engaged, a handkerchief dropped from the dress-pocket. I picked it up and examined it curiously.

"There any name on it?" asked the Chief-of-police.

"Yes," said I; "Margaret Vogel."

"I never heard of that name around here."

"Nor I. She must have been a stranger."

Here the Coroner stepped forward with a letter which he found in the pocket.

"Perhaps this will throw some light on the case," he said. Holding the lantern in one hand, he read:

BUFFALO, June 2.

MY DARLING: I have been in this city some weeks, but have only just learned your whereabouts. Forgive me for my long silence. I have resolved now to make the only reparation in my power for the great wrong I have done you. I have resolved to make you my wife in the eyes of the law, as you are already in the eyes of Heaven. I am hotly impatient for the consummation of my plans. Let there not be a moment's delay. Throw up your engagement immediately on receipt of this, and take the first train for Lockport. It is better, for reasons which I will afterwards explain, that we should meet there, instead of here. I will be at the station to-morrow afternoon, and if you do not come then I will expect you do, or until I hear from you. But I know you will come. We can be privately married, and then I mean to take you back to the South, where you will henceforth live in luxury. D. M.

"Our business will be to find out who D. M. is," remarked the Coroner when he had finished the letter.

It was getting late by this time, and what with my hard day's work, and my run to Lockport, and going without my supper, I felt pretty well tired out. So, promising to be on hand at the inquest next day, I set out for home.

It seems that, after I had gone, the doctor discovered —— But then that is something which I know only from hearsay. I must, therefore, leave it to others to relate.

IV.—THE NARRATIVE OF MISS KATE RICHARDSON.

It is a very shocking thing for me to be obliged to tell what I know about this horrid affair, and I am sure that if I had ever supposed my name was to become mixed up in such a scandal I would have gone and drowned myself. Still, I would rather tell the story in my own way than have those horrid reporters tell it, who always do get things wrong and foremost. Why, in one of the accounts they said that I was twenty-four years old! Everybody knows that I am only just twenty; and I wanted papa to bring a libel suit or something against the paper, but he laughed and said there wasn't cause. I should like to know what would be cause, if that isn't?

You know, papa has always lived in Buffalo, and ever since I can remember he has been rich. I have heard stories among sugar persons to the effect that he used to keep a butcher's-shop, and was so poor that he couldn't pay his bills; but I know it is only envy that gives rise to these absurd stories. Papa made his money out of speculation, and they say he is worth over a million dollars. We live in splendid style on Delaware avenue, and go in the very best society. As I am the only child, I shall inherit a great deal of money when papa dies—but I don't want him ever to die on that account.

Well, to begin my story, I first met Donald Mackenzie at a dinner-party given by Mrs. Kenyon McKay. I think it was some time in the latter part of February, or the first of March. Mrs. McKay told me that he was a rich Southerner, and that he would be a great catch. He was certainly very fine looking, and very agreeable in his manners. From the first day he saw me he was persistent in his attentions. I confess that I was pleased, because all the girls in our set were talking about him, and crazy to have him call on them. But he took no notice of anybody except me. I guess I must have met him a dozen times during the first month of our acquaintance. He was quite a lion, and all the best houses were open to him. It happened to be Lent, and there were no big parties, of course; but every quiet little gathering was sure to be brightened by the presence of Donald Mackenzie. Then he began calling on me at home, and bringing me presents and flowers and things, and I knew it was getting serious. I read to me one of Tennyson, and sat looking into my eyes and sighing, and I foresaw plainly enough what the end would be. It wasn't a new thing in my experience, you must know, for I had refused five offers pointblank before I ever saw Mr. Mackenzie. Still I felt different towards him than I had towards any of the other of my admirers. Not that I exactly loved him, but I thought that it would be rather nice to get married, and that "Mrs. Donald Mackenzie" would make a lovely name. So, when I saw that he was getting to the stage of Tennyson and sighing, I gave him enough encouragement to lead him on. As a result, of course, he proposed; and, after mature reflection, I accepted him.

That was in May—about the middle of the month. With the exception of now and then a week's absence, Mr. Mackenzie had remained in Buffalo continuously from the time of our first meeting. Papa had no objections to offer to our proposed marriage. He had liked Mr. Mackenzie from the first, and, besides, he had always said that his daughter Kate was a girl of a strong mind, and that she had the right sort of man for a husband. Think of the faith poor papa had in me, and think how I should have felt if I had really married Donald Mackenzie! Well, I didn't marry him, and I have my stars to thank for it. I am not a bit superstitious, but I like to think what might have happened if it hadn't been for those horrid letters. I will relate, just as briefly as I can, how I came to read those letters.

It was the first of June. Mr. Mackenzie had spent the evening with me, and, after he left, I found the slate was fixed in my mind by his repeated reference to the fact that the morrow was the first day of Summer. Immediately after breakfast that morning I went into the conservatory, and almost the first thing I saw there was a large leather pocket-book, such as papa carries in his breast-pocket. But it was not papa's. I picked it up and saw the letters "D. M." stamped in gilt on the outside. Then I knew it must belong to Mr. Mackenzie, because we had been in the conservatory together the evening before, and it was evident that he had dropped it there. I took the pocketbook up to my own room and opened it. I shall not try to make any excuses for my conduct; for, while it may have been very unladylike, it was at least very natural. I did. There were a lot of business letters and papers in which I took no interest and did not have the curiosity to read; but in another compartment I found something which excited me at once. It was a letter in a lady's handwriting, and, as the envelope had fallen off, the opening sentence attracted my notice. I did not hesitate a moment about reading it. Was I not the affianced wife of Mr. Mackenzie, and had I not a right to find out all that I could about the man whom I was engaged to marry? In all, I had shown him a number of letters addressed to me, and it was no more than fair that I should enjoy an equal confidence on his part. So I opened the letter and read:

NEW ORLEANS, May 26.

MY DEAR KEN: From the bottom of my heart I congratulate you! And pardon me if I add that I congratulate myself as well! I always knew that your choice would be an angel, but what interests me much more is your statement that she is sure of the dust when the old man dies. A million dollars is a pretty big pile of money, and I must confess that you have put your distinguished appearance to no unworthy use. How the devil you have succeeded in the game is beyond me, and how you have escaped detection is more than I know. Still I congratulate you. And perhaps you will not forget the two thousand when you have copped the bird. Fact is, I need money and must have it. You will expect me to do something handsome on the day of your marriage. If you don't—but never mind, my dear boy; I know you will. How about the pretty little actress? Isn't there danger of her giving you trouble when she learns of this latest move? By Jove! if I were you, I wouldn't want to arouse that woman's hatred. She is the kind that runs to steel, you know. Let us hope that nothing will happen. Once more accept my congratulations, and don't forget the two thousand. A bad run on the queen last week cleaned me out of fifteen hundred.

Yours, etc., J. M. A.

That was the letter. You can imagine, perhaps, how I felt when I read it. I think I could have scratched the eyes out of Mr. Donald Mackenzie at that moment, had he happened to be within my reach. But the pocketbook contained still further disclosures. Another letter, and this one in a woman's hand:

TOLEDO, March 13.

MY HUSBAND: I address you by that title, because it is my right to do so. O Donald! do not cast me off! These weary weeks in which I have heard nothing from you have filled my heart with bitter thoughts; but I will not believe that you are false. Come to me, my love, and let me show you what a true and noble wife I will make. Another life than mine expects to add to lasting disgrace if you do not make good your solemn vows. It is not for myself now that I plead—it is for my child—for your child, Donald. I have written every week since leaving New Orleans, and not one word has come in reply. O Donald, do not drive me to frenzy! Do not turn my love into hate! I pray you to take heed! I warn you that, if any other woman comes to occupy the place which is rightfully mine, I will become your avenging fury. I will expose you; I will drag you down; I will kill you!——What wildness is this! Donald, forgive me. One word from you, and all my love is yours again. I wait for that one word. MARGARET.

Think of a young lady's finding such a letter as that in the pocketbook of her betrothed husband! It makes my blood tingle now. I must lay down the pen for a moment and compose myself.

There, I feel better. Where did I leave off? Oh, yes, the pocketbook. There was still a third letter, which I brought to light. This, too, was in a woman's handwriting, but unlike the other. It read:

NEW YORK, May 28.

DONALD: I will do as you command me. I cannot even guess what new crime you mean to commit—what devilish purpose you have in view. I only know that I have not the courage to refuse you. I had hoped never to hear from you again, but it seems that I must bend to your will while life lasts. After all that I have suffered for you, I might be spared any further sacrifice—but did you ever spare anybody? I will leave New York to-morrow morning, and be in Buffalo the morning of the 31st. You will then have time to give me such instructions as you see fit—and Heaven forgive me for what I may do. HELEN.

By the time I had finished this last and most mysterious letter of all, I was in a state of utter confusion. I scarcely knew what else the pocketbook contained. I had not strength to search any further. My one desire was to see Donald Mackenzie—to confront him face to face with the evidences of his treachery and guilt. He was in the city, that was certain. I could scarcely wait for the hour of his coming. It was lucky, however, that I had made my discoveries in the morning, because that gave me time to compose myself and prepare for the meeting. I brought all my force of will into play, and when evening finally came I was outwardly as calm as ever.

TO BE CONTINUED.

IT'S A SHAME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ONEY PARLE.

It's really heart-rending to hear of it—
How uncertain is the peace of our lives!—
For I read about where they arrested
A butcher for *stealing* some sausage knives.

A man left his boots with the maker,
And when to come for them was told;
But the man had the cobbler arrested,
Because when he got there he found they were *soled*.

The boss of a mudscow, they tell me,
Had his captain locked up in the jail
Because the poor man advertised
Her Majesty's mudscow for *sail*.

But surely it's getting too tearful—
It's time the strong discipline I use—
When you hear of a negro arrested
For joining-in with *black legs*.

A TELEGRAPHIC HERO.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

It was night in one of the fairest and most prosperous Southern cities. The sun had gone down in threatening gloom. A terrible, a loathing fear had fastened upon every heart. Men looked anxiously into the face of everyone they met to see if it were not already stamped with the yellow signet of disease. The air was loaded with pestilence; it was sucked in with every breath, was given by the touch of the most loving hand, was communicated by the most holy kiss. There appeared no possible escape—to be no end until the consuming fire should die out for want of human fuel!

Hour by hour the list of mortality had increased; day by day the victims been doubled. Physician and patient, priest and penitent, the rich and the poor, the sick and the well, were alike stricken down. Every home resource had been exhausted; medicine, preventives and comforts had dwindled to nothing. The once proud city was bankrupt in all tending to relieve the horrible suffering, save the living, and fitingly care for the fallen. The one possible hope rested in telling to health-blessed lands of the needs, of whispering by lightning lips to the, warm, sympathetic hearts and open hands in North ern climes—a hope hanging upon the most brittle of threads.

A single telegraph-operator remained of the once goodly number. One by one they had fallen, and none could be found to fill their places. The malice of the plague seemed to have especially singled them for distruction—to be determined to permit nothing to stand in the way of wholesale slaughter. Instrument after instrument had been silenced. The shuddering North waited in vain for news, and bowed in deepest grief over the unbroken anxiety—waited sadly for the morrow.

From all but one Death had taken the power to transmit messages upon which so much depended; to all others near the knowledge and practice had been denied. And he sat tortured with the weighty responsibility, with the horrible anxiety that could never have found expression in words, and send Northward the sickening record:

"Fever worse. Over one hundred new cases today. Out of proper medicine, blankets and ice. Many physicians dead. For the love of Heaven, send aid and supplies!"

"Over one hundred new cases!" was repeated again and again by the mysterious telegraph of the brain until the thought usurped all others, and the heart of the man beat tumultuously, and hot and unbidden tears came to his eyes.

"One hundred new cases!" he muttered despairingly. "What if I should be the next? God guard my dear wife and child. If I should be taken away, what would become of them? Mary! What in the name of Heaven brought you here?"

"I could not stay at home, stay away from you, with so many dying and dead around me. Oh! it is horrible! What is to be done, my darling?" and she laid their bright-eyed baby in his arms, and, throwing herself upon a bench, gave way to tears.

"We are in the hands of a higher Power," he answered in the firmest tones he could command.

"Not so!" she interrupted, starting wildly to her feet, and dashing back the heavy masses of damp hair from around the wan but still beautiful face—"not so! We are simply tempting fate. Why do you remain here and court death? Hundreds are flying the doomed city, are going North and to safety. Oh, why will you remain?"

"Duty commands me, Mary. Remember, I am the last, the only operator left; and should I desert my post, what would become of the others?"

"And if you remain and perish, what is to become of our child, or me? Is not our love more precious than all the world, than lond-mouthed but heartless praise? Oh, think of what you would do!"

The strong man shook as one terribly stricken with the ague; his limbs trembled in every joint; drops of sweat stood as great beads upon his forehead; the hands that pressed his little darling to his heart twitched convulsively, and the voice in which he attempted response was broken and unnatural.

"Mary, my dear wife, you know not what you are saying. Suffering and love for our dear child have nearly driven you mad. Think of thousands of other fond mothers and beloved children whose lives are hanging upon my resolution. If I were to go, the sick would be without a physician, the dying without help, physicians, nurses, comforts, must be had, and there is not one but myself to tell the sad story. Think, O my darling! before urging me to sacrifice my manhood, though Heaven knows it would require little to make me so. Never, my love have I loved you, Mary, and our child, as now, and ——"

"Yes," she responded hoarsely, "you will give us to the most loathsome and horrible death without raising a hand to save."

The effort made to keep command of self was almost superhuman. He paused in his rapid walking to listen for a moment to the pleadings as for life passing over the wires, and then, placing the baby in the arms of his wife and taking both within his arm, he continued:

"Mary, you are not yourself, or you would not talk thus. I know your generous, noble heart too well. Your hands are hot, your cheek feverish, your brain warped. Never before have you urged me to dishonor, and would not now, but ——"

"You are right," she cried, drawing down his white face and kissing him. "Love has made me selfish. I can but think of you—of our child. No; I will not urge you to go. The most holy duty binds you here. But do not send us away from you," she pleaded. "Permit us to remain, and"—then she paused to gather strength, and then quickly finished the sentence—"and if death must come, let it find us together."

"Now," he said, drawing her still more closely to him, and with the twin-lights of pride and affection burning in his eyes, "you are again my true and noble wife. God bless you! Let us hope and pray for the best. And gladly would I hold you both thus forever—gladly, the angels above know how gladly, give my life for your safe passage. Hist! some one! Hark! Even now I am called. Rest you here. You may not be as comfortable as at home; but I cannot spare you from my sight for a single moment. Ah, doctor!"

"Every hour proves more fatal," replied the physician—one of the noble men who remained to battle for the sake of humanity and lay down their lives for others—"and our ranks are fast thinning. We must have assistance. It breaks my heart to refuse, but I am obliged to turn a deaf ear to many. Telegraph for help, and say that we are helpless, are suffering for everything. What! Your wife and child here? This is no place for them."

"The place of a wife," answered the woman, proudly raising her head and looking squarely at the man, "is where she is; that is by the side of her husband. Here he must stay—here will I stay also."

The physician looked admiration and astonishment. In the dark hours he had seen so much of human baseness that this shown out as a star in the darkest night. He gave us a few directions to the husband, listened to the clicking far away, the plea for pity; then, taking a seat by the side of the young and devoted wife, and clasping one hand within his own, he continued:

"You have a precious, noble woman, and may God bless you!"

"And my husband? For many days and nights he has scarcely known food or sleep. I, doctor, think of how very much depends upon his life."

"More, more than you can possibly imagine. But I have and will keep close watch of him. There is no one in the city who could not better be spared. We are quarantined; mails are forbidden for fear of spreading the contagion, and, should he fall us, all communication will cease, and we indeed be given over to death."

"But, doctor, look more closely at him. See how ghastly pale and red he is by turns. May he not already be stricken by the fatal disease? May not the seeds be even now festering within him?" and her face was tortured and hands wrung with the agony she dared not speak.

The physician comforted the poor, stricken heart as well as he was able; talked as cheerily as he dared under such a universal shadow; promised to look in again at the earliest moment; made her lie down; and covered herself and child as warmly as the means at hand permitted. Then he again drew near the operator, and, under pretense of giving further instructions, whispered impressively:

"You are not well—must take better care of yourself—even now you are suffering."

"More than even you know. Could I but get away, my life might be saved. Here it will be sacrificed. But for the love of Heaven hint it not to my poor wife. Already she is suffering more than she can bear. Let her hope while she may, and when I am gone may those for whom I died remember the widow and the orphan, made so that they might live."

A silent clasping of hand was all. It was a spirit-telegraph from the soul of one noble man to another. No words were needed. The bond of unselfish brotherhood could not have been more perfect, and the one went forth to brave infection and death, and the other remained at his post and awaited its coming.

Others called in from time to time, asking news from the various God-stricken cities, and if there was any hope of succor from distant friends. To the one a sad answer had ever to be returned, to the other a blessed promise. Even then steam was bringing with its utmost swiftness the much-needed aid. The response had been hearty—help had not been sought in vain.

And so the instrument ticked the dark hours away, the operator faithfully fingering the keys, listening to the tongues that spoke afar, and whispering comfort to his agonized wife. But from duty he was called suddenly and fearfully, and a message was left unfinished, as a deep groan and then a sharp cry rang upon his ears.

"Husband, I am very sick. O God! our poor child!"

It needed no second glance from the physician, who chanced to then return, to convince him that the loving mother was consumed by fever, and the little one rapidly passing from earth to answer the heavenly summons of "Come unto Me."

"I knew hours ago," she whispered to the physician, as her husband walked away to procure some needed article, "that it would be thus; but I have kept it from my dear husband for fear of entirely disheartening him. Tell me, doctor, is there the slightest chance of recovery?"

"I dare not breathe words of false consolation," he replied, shaking his head sadly, "when both are so near the grave—so trembling upon the verge of eternity. You have the fever, and of the most malignant type, and ——"

"My hours are numbered?"

"Even so."

"And my darling, my child?"

"It will be among the angels to welcome you."

With eyes from which tears could not be banished, he gave the next-to-useless medicines, and with a sinking heart turned away to tell the husband.

"I know all you would say, doctor," was the answer—"have felt it for a long time, though I have endeavored to deceive my heart with false hopes. But does she, my wife, even dream I have but a brief time to live?"

"I fancy not."

"May a kind Heaven keep her in ignorance. You must get someone to help nurse her. I am worse, more horribly chained than ever was galley-slave to oar, am suffering with worse than vultures gnawing and tearing at my vitals. May Heaven keep me from insanity."

"You have proven yourself a man, a noble man, my friend. Be so to the end," was all the physician was able to utter; and those who came at his command were witnesses of such a thrilling tragedy as never was pictured in mimic life—saw through blinding tears such devotion as purifies the earthly soul and makes it fit to join the company of the immortals.

The child died first. Its feeble struggles were soon ended, and its little breath faded away as softly as a zephyr. With a long, convulsive kiss the dying mother gave it to the arms of the father, he kissing it reverently in turn and passing it to those who would prepare it for burial. But there was neither sob nor tear. They had passed for the time beyond the limits of such purely earthly things, and all was said, all told, that could possibly have been between them, when their trembling fingers were clasped as never to be separated, and their lips met as only to be sundered by death.

"Husband," at length breathed the sorrow-distracted wife in the feebiest and most painful of accents, "weep not for our darling. I shall soon, very soon, follow him. You—you will be left behind. But you will not forget us—will keep our graves from weeds and plant flowers over ——"

"Hush! Mary," he faltered. "Linger but a little, and I will go with you."

"You?" she questioned, starting up with momentary strength. "It cannot be that you also are doomed?"

"It is true, but let not the knowledge trouble you. I care not to stay when you are gone, but while life remains I will not shrink from duty to others. That done, I ——"

With the cry as of a breaking soul she threw herself upon his neck, and the closed fountains were reopened and their tears commingled.

The instrument ticked forcibly the summons to attend—the living were hanging upon the acts of the dying. He laid the trembling form gently down, kissed her feverish lips with ones equally burning, whispered that he would immediately return, and parted to never again gaze upon her living face or hear her sweet voice this side of eternity.

"Dead! Wife and child dead!" he hoarsely whispered, and with a mighty burst of grief, as he returned. "And I am alone."

There was not an unmoved heart, not a dry eye, as he knelt down and smoothed the dark locks of his wife and the golden curls of his baby-boy. Time, place and surroundings considered, there never could be a picture of more utter desolation.

"Gone! gone! May God take them within his sheltering arms, and pity—pity me."

As one bereft of reason he sat in unbroken silence, with his eyes fixed in stony gaze when the body was made ready to give back to mother-earth. The physician laid his hand upon his arm and spoke to him unheeded; kind friends attempted consolation, but he knew it not. To everything passing around he was deaf until the long-familiar clicking of the instrument fell upon his ears, and the strength of obedient habit broke the icy spell.

The hours passed: messages were sent and returned. With the most terrible of fevers burning, with the most intense of pains shooting through limbs and back; with tongue becoming dry, black, shriveled, the breath irregular and laborious; with biting cramps at the vitals; with horrible colliquative sweats; with reeling brain; with sinking of every mortal power; with the black vomito claiming him as its certain prey, he still sat, with eyes fixed upon the pulseless forms of beloved wife and child fighting for duty—mechanically working—the dying struggling for the living.

But suddenly he reeled, and would have fallen had not the arm of the physician sustained him as he urged:

"One more message, only one. For the love of Heaven, try again!"

The chilling, almost nerveless fingers once more rested upon the key; the exhausted form was nerved; a ghastly sign of consent rested upon the features, and the answer was painfully breathed:

"I will try."

Mind for the moment triumphed over matter. The all-important words sped along the wire, and to them was added:

"You will hear no more. I—die—at—my—post—and ——"

What followed no human eye could decipher. It was the message of dissolution, the rolling of the key by the spasms of the departing soul—and the operator fell back dead!

Every age has its heroes; scarcely a year passes but someone gives up life for his fellows; but none braver than he found, none more noble in any land or time, than he who sat in the presence of dead wife and child dying by inches—forgetting pain and sorrow and dissolution that others might live—and died at his post. In the history of earthly fame may it be written, the world may never know it to keep in reverence, but when the books of the angels are opened will be found recorded in letters of gold the name of him who proved, as perhaps

BASEBALL.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—To correspondents who report sporting matters only a card of a LIGHT-BLUE COLOR, having printed diagonally across its face in RED INK "*For Sporting News Only*," and otherwise precisely like the credentials recently held by our amusement correspondents, will be issued. These will bear date of March 1, 1879, and be good for eight months, expiring Nov. 1. They will not be good for admission to theatres or other like places of amusement.

BUFFALO vs. PROVIDENCE.

The Buffalos, after a hard struggle, gained their third successive victory over the Providence nine at Buffalo, N. Y., on July 28. Mathews took Ward's place as pitcher for the visitors, while Kemmler was again substituted for Brown as catcher. The Buffalos secured the first run on called balls, a wild throw and passed balls, and made two more runs, both earned, in the fourth inning on Clapp's three-baser and Richardson's and Hornung's single, and scored four more on four clean hits and errors by Hague and Kemmler. The Providences scored all of their five runs by the good batting of O'Rourke, Wright and McGeary. The finish was very exciting, the Rhode Island team wanting two to tie and having two men left on the bases by George Wright fouling out. The batting of Clapp, Galvin, O'Rourke and Start was the chief feature:

PROVIDENCE.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	BUFFALO.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Start, 1st b.	5	0	3	11	0	0	Eggler, c. f.	5	1	1	0	0	0
Hines, c. f.	5	0	1	1	2	0	Richard'n, 3b	5	2	1	2	2	1
O'Rourke, r. f	5	2	3	0	2	0	Clapp, c.	5	1	3	3	0	6
Wright, s. s.	5	2	1	1	1	0	Hornung, l. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
York, l. f.	4	0	2	1	1	0	Galvin, p.	4	1	5	1	3	1
McGeary, 2b.	4	1	1	3	3	0	Walker, 1b.	4	0	0	10	1	0
Kemmler, c.	4	0	1	8	4	7	Fulmer, 2d b	4	1	2	6	2	0
Hague, 3d b.	4	0	0	1	1	2	Force, s. s.	4	0	0	2	4	0
Mathews, p.	4	0	0	1	9	0	M'G'nigle, rf	4	1	1	2	1	0
Totals	40	5	12	27	22	9	Totals	39	7	11	27	13	8

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Buffalo	1	0	0	2	2	0	0	2	0	0—7
Providence	0	0	1	0	1	0	2	0	1	0—5

Earned runs—Buffalo, 4; Providence, 1. Two-base hit—Galvin. Three-base hits—Clapp, Fulmer. First base on balls—Richardson (2), Mathews. First base on errors—Buffalo, 2; Providence, 2. Struck out—Buffalo, 6; Providence, 1. Passed balls—Clapp, 2; Kemmler, 1. Wild pitch—Galvin, 1. Umpire, McLean. Time, 2h. 45m.

BOSTON vs. STAR.

The Bostons decisively defeated the Stars at Syracuse, N. Y., on July 28, and thus signally reversed the result of the preceding game. Jones commenced for the visitors with a hit over the fence for a clean home-run, and after that they pounded the ball all over the field until twelve runs had been scored, seven being earned. Snyder excelled in batting, his four good hits including three two-baggers. Jones was taken ill in the fourth inning, obliging the substitution of Hawes. Fine fielding shut out the Stars without a run, and they thus shared the fate of the Bostons on the preceding Saturday.

STAR.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	BOSTON.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Dorgan, s. s.	4	0	1	3	0	3	Cogswell, 1b.	6	0	0	12	0	0
Purcell, r. f.	4	0	1	2	0	1	Jones, l. f.	2	2	2	3	0	0
McCormick, p	4	0	0	0	0	1	Hawes, r. f.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Creamer, 2b	4	0	0	1	3	3	O'Rourke, cf.	6	2	3	3	0	0
W'dhead, 3b.	4	0	0	1	2	1	Houck, rf.	6	0	1	1	0	0
Holbert, c.	4	0	2	9	1	1	Burdock, 2b.	5	1	1	3	4	2
Macullar, cf.	4	0	2	4	0	2	Sutton, s. s.	5	1	2	1	2	0
Carp'nter, 1b	4	0	1	3	0	1	Morrill, 3b.	5	0	1	1	1	1
Mansell, l. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0	Bond, p.	5	2	2	0	8	0
							Snyder, c.	5	1	4	5	4	0
Totals	35	0	8	27	5	12	Totals	49	12	17	27	19	2

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Boston	1	0	3	0	0	2	3	3	0	0—12
Star	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Earned runs—Boston, 7. Two-base hits—Morrill, 1; Snyder, 3; Hawes, 1. Home-run—Jones, 1. First base on errors—Boston, 7; Star, 1. Struck out—Star, 4. Double-plays—Bond and Cogswell, 1. Wild pitches—McCormick, 1. Umpire, G. W. Bradley. Time, 2h. 30m.

CINCINNATI vs. CHICAGO.

The Cincinnatis again easily defeated the Chicagos at Chicago, Ill., on July 28, outplaying the "would-be champions" at all points. The Cincinnatis, especially McVey and Kelley, batted heavily, earning four of their five runs, while the Chicagos could not hit W. White, getting only six singles in the entire game. The Chicagos played badly in the field, but were lucky in not giving runs by errors. The Cincinnatis fielded splendidly, although Jim White had three passed balls, two of which gave the Chicagos their two runs. The Chicagos were demoralized by the fine fielding and hard hitting of their opponents, and Larkin pitched very poorly.

CHICAGO.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	CINCINNATI.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Dalrym'e, l. f	4	0	0	1	0	1	Hotaling, c. f	5	1	2	0	0	0
Peters, s. s.	4	1	1	3	2	1	Kelley, 3d b.	5	2	3	0	4	0
Willm'n, 3b	4	0	0	1	3	2	W. White, c.	5	2	1	7	2	0
Anson, 1st b	4	1	2	11	0	0	McVey, 1b.	5	1	4	10	0	0
Shaffer, r. f	4	0	1	1	2	1	Dicker'n, l. f.	5	0	2	5	0	0
Flint, c.	4	0	0	7	1	0	Barnes, s. s.	4	0	0	2	3	0
Quest, 2d b.	3	0	0	3	7	1	Gerhardt, 2b.	5	0	1	3	2	0
Larkin, p.	3	0	1	0	6	4	Foley, r. f.	4	0	2	1	1	0
Remsen, c. f.	3	0	0	0	1	0	W. White, p.	4	1	1	2	1	0
Totals	32	2	6	27	20	11	Totals	43	5	14	27	17	3

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Cincinnati	1	1	0	0	2	0	1	0	0	1—5
Chicago	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0—2

Runs earned—Cincinnati, 4. Two-base hits—Hotaling, McVey (2). Dickerson. First base on balls—Kelley. First base on errors—Cincinnati, 3; Chicago, 1. First base on balls—Barnes. Struck out—Cincinnati, 5; Chicago, 6. Double-plays—Gerhardt and McVey, Peters and Williamson. Passed balls—W. White, 3. Wild pitches—Larkin, 3. Umpire, Houtz of Cincinnati. Time, 3h.

WORCESTER vs. SPRINGFIELD.

The Worcesters gave the Springfields an overwhelming defeat at Worcester, Mass., on July 28, thanks to their terrific hitting and the wonderful pitching of Richmond. Goldsmith commenced to pitch for the visitors, but the Worcesters pounded him out for five two-bases, and Pike went in, and was batted equally as hard. Richmond's remarkable pitching proved too much for the Springfields, who failed to make a solitary base hit or a run. Richmond and Wood did the best batting for the Worcesters, each making four safe hits, included in which were three two-basers by Wood and two by Richmond.

WORCESTER.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	SPRINGFIELD.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Wood, l. f.	6	2	4	0	0	0	Cassidy, 1b.	4	0	0	9	0	2
Knight, r. f.	6	3	3	0	0	0	Pike, c. f.	4	0	0	3	0	0
Bennett, c. f.	6	1	1	0	0	0	Smith, 3d b.	4	0	0	2	2	1
Whitney, 3b.	6	0	2	2	1	0	O'Leary, l. f.	3	0	0	2	1	1
Sullivan, 1b.	5	0	0	0	1	1	Battin, 2d b.	3	0	0	1	4	1
Irwin, s. s.	5	2	3	1	4	1	Gold'th, p., c.	3	0	0	3	1	1
Bushong, c.	5	3	2	4	9	1	Corcoran, r. f.	3	0	0	2	0	0
Richmond, p.	5	3	4	0	5	1	Powers, c.	3	0	0	4	5	4
Totals	49	14	17	27	16	5	Totals	30	0	0	27	15	14

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Worcester	2	4	2	3	0	0	2	0	3	—14
Springfield	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Earned runs—Worcester, 4. Two-base hits—Wood (3), Bennett, Whitney (2), Irwin, Richmond (2). First base on balls—Worcester, 2; Springfield, 3. First base on errors—Worcester, 5; Springfield, 2. Double plays—Irwin, Sullivan and Whitney. Passed balls—Bushong, 2; Powers, 3. Wild pitches—Richmond, 1; Goldsmith, 1; Pike, 1. Umpire, Otis Tilden. Time 2h. 30m

STAR vs. MOHAWK BROWNS.

The Stars and Mohawk Browns played their second game on July 27 at Cincinnati, O., before about 2,500 persons. The batting was one-sided, the Browns failing to make a hit off Chumard, while the Stars hit Williams safely nine times, and earned two of their three runs. Safe hits by Cummings and Sommers gave the Stars one run at the outset, and they made the winning runs in the seventh inning on hits by Sommers, Chumard and Riley, aided by a wild throw by Meyers. The Browns scored their only run in the fourth inning, when Merney got his base off balls, and came home on Jones' two-bagger.

BROWN.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	STAR.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Deagle, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	Malloy, r. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Merney, 3b.	4	0	0	1	1	0	Wheeler, c. f.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Smith, 1st b.	4	0	0	11	0	0	Cummings, s. s.	4	1	2	2	1	0
Carey, c. f.	3	0	0	0	1	0	Magner, l. f.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Ewing, 2d b.	3	0	0	3	4	0	Sommers, 2b.	4	1	2	2	3	0
Oehler, c.	3	0	0	8	2	0	Miller, c.	3	0	0	6	1	0
Meyers, c.	3	0	0	7	5	1	Chumard, p.	3	1	1	1	6	1
Putney, l. f.	3	0	0	2	0	0	Riley, 1st b.	3	0	1	9	0	0
Williams, p.	3	0	0	0	3	0	Jones, 3d b.	3	0	0	2	2	0
Totals	30	1	0	27	15	3	Totals	32	3	9	27	12	2

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Star	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	—3
Mohawk Brown	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	—1

Runs earned—Star, 2. Two-base hit—Wheeler. Three-base hit—Wheeler. Home-run—Jones. First base on errors—Merney, 1; Miller, 1. First base on errors—Star, 3; Brown, 3. Double-play—Sommers, 1. Passed balls—Meyers, 2. Umpire, Walker. Time, 1h. 50m.

PROVIDENCE vs. ROCHESTER.

The Providence Grays walloped Rochester, N. Y., on July 29, and administered a sound threshing to the local professionals—a result that was rather unexpected in view of the fact that the Rochesters had badly beaten the Buffalos, who in turn had defeated the Providence Club in three straight games. The visitors presented Mathews as pitcher, Brown as catcher and Ward as third-base. Hague and Kemmler lying off. The game was closely contested during the first five innings, and poor fielding allowed the Providence team to run away from the home-nine and win as follows:

PROVID'CE.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	ROCHESTER.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Wright, s. s.	5	2	3	2	3	2	Higham, lb.	4	0	1	7	0	2
Start, 1st b.	5	2	2	8	0	0	Malonuf, l. f.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Hines, c. f.	5	0	0	1	0	0	Leonard, s. s.	4	0	0	1	5	0
O'Rourke, r. f.	5	0	1	3	0	0	Lewis, r. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Ward, 3d b.	5	1	0	1	2	0	Rowen, c. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
York, l. f.	5	1	1	1	0	0	McClure, c.	4	0	0	7	0	4
Brown, c.	4	1	3	9	2	1	Leary, p.	4	0	2	0	2	2
McGeary, 2b.	4	0	1	2	3	0	Morrissey, 3b.	3	0	0	1	2	0
Mathews, p.	4	2	0	1	5	2	Smiley, 2d b.	3	0	0	3	1	1
Totals	42	7	10	27	14	5	Totals	34	1	3	27	10	5

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Providence	0	0	1	0	1	3	0	3	0	—7
Rochester	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	—1

First base on errors—Providence, 5. Bases on called balls—Manning, Wright (2), Start. Passed balls—McClure, 2; Brown, 2. Two-base hits—Manning, Wright (2), Start. Double-play—Manning and McClure. Umpire, William McLean.

CLEVELAND vs. TROY.

The Clevelands and Troys commenced a game at Cleveland, O., on the morning of July 28, but it was interrupted by rain at the end of the sixth inning, which prevented the playing of a second game, as on the afternoon of that day. The visitors made a good start, Brouthers sending a two-bagger into right field and coming home on Caskins' hit. The Clevelands tied the score in the fifth inning on Kenfield's single and Gilligan's two-bagger, and Casey made what proved to be the winning run on Caskins' wild throw and Warner's hit. Rain then caused a cessation of play, with the score as follows:

TROY.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	CLEVELAND.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Brouthers, lb	3	1	3	5	0	0	Phillips, lb.	3	0	0	8	0	0
Hall, c.	3	0	0	1	1	0	Eden, r. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Caskins, s. s.	3	0	2	0	5	1	Carey, s. s.	3	0	0	0	4	1
Dorgan, s. s.	3	0	2	0	5	1	Warner, 3d b	3	0	1	2	1	0
Doescher, 3b.	3	0	0	0	0	0	Glassc'k, 2b	2	0	0	4	2	0
Evans, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0	Kennedy, c.	2	0	1	7	1	0
Hawkes, 2b.	2	0	0	5	1	0	Gilligan, l. f.	2	0	1	0	0	0
Bradley, p.	3	0	0	5	0	0	McC'rmick, p.	2	0	0	0	6	0
Kelly, c.	2	0	0	6	0	1	Strief, c. f.	1	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	24	1	5	18	13	3	Totals	22	2	3	18	15	2

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Cleveland	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	—2
Troy	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	—1

Two-base hits—Gilligan, Brouthers. First base on errors—Cleveland, 2. Struck out—Cleveland, 3; Troy, 4. Umpire, Daniels. Time, 1h. 20m.

BOSTON vs. SYRACUSE.

The third championship game between the Stars and Bostons was played on the formers' ground at Syracuse, N. Y., on July 29. The Stars took the lead at the outset, making seven safe hits off Bond in the first two innings, and earning two of their three runs. They, however, went all to pieces in the fifth inning, had errors by Dorgan and Creamer allowing the Bostons to tie the score. The visitors, by hard hitting in the sixth and ninth innings, added ten more runs, and thus won easily. The Bostons fielded finely throughout, and O'Rourke and Morrill did the best batting.

BOSTON.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	STAR.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Cogswell, lb.	6	2	2	13	0	0	Dorgan, s. s.	5	1	1	0	2	3
Jones, l. f.	6	1	1	0	0	1	Purcell, r. f.	4	1	1	5	0	2
O'Rourke, c. f.	6	3	4	0	0	0	McCormick, p.	4	0	0	0	3	0
Houck, r. f.	6	1	1	1	2	1	Creamer, 2b.	4	0	1	2	0	3
Burdock, 2b.	5	2	0	2	4	0	Woodhe'd, 3b.	4	0	0	0	1	0
Sutton, s. s.	5	1	2	2	2	0	Holbert, c.	4	0	2	7	0	2
Morrill, 3b.	5	3	3	1	2	0	Macullar, c. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Bond, p.	5	0	1	0	5	1	M'Guin'ss, lb	4	1	1	4	1	0
Snyder, c.	5	2	1	3	2	0	Mansell, l. f.	4	1	2	5	0	1
Totals	49	13	14	27	18	3	Totals	37	4	10	27	9	12

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Boston	0	0	0	1	2	3	0	0	7	—13
Star	2	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	—4

Runs earned—Boston, 3; Star, 2. Two-base hits—Jones, Houck, Morrill, Creamer. First base on balls—Dorgan. First base on errors—Boston, 7; Star, 2. Struck out—Boston, 3; Star, 3. Double-plays—Snyder and Cogswell. Passed balls—Holbert, 2. Umpire, G. W. Bradley. Time, 2h. 45m.

ALBANY vs. JERSEY CITY.

These National-club teams met for the first time this season on May 24 at Jersey City, when the Albany nine had no difficulty in winning by a score of 7 to 4. Their second match took place at Jersey City on July 30, and this time the visitors did have considerable trouble to win, they meeting a better-trained team than they met in May, while the Albanys were also in better trim for a good contest, despite the hard work of an unusually hot campaign. We saw the Albanys play their first game with the Capital City nine in April last at Albany, and we have not witnessed any of their games from that time to their contest in Jersey City on this occasion; and it did not need the victory of the 30th ult. to confirm the impression that their playing in April last had made on us, and that was that the Albany nine of 1879 is one of the strongest in either arena. Ferguson was present at the match on Thursday, and in commenting on the characteristics of the team, in reply to some queries, he remarked: "You would be surprised to see how friendly the team work together: and then, too, they dress neatly and behave well at their hotels and on the cars, and take considerable pride in getting up a good reputation for themselves as a team." Now, all this is not only highly creditable to the players themselves, but it certainly speaks well of the management. We watched the team closely in the contest at Jersey City last week, and we saw nothing that did not confirm Ferguson's statement. As for the Albanys being whipped occasionally, the only surprise is that, strong team as they are, they have not lost more games, considering the very strong nines they have had to cope with during July especially, no team, either in the League or the National arena, having a warrant to win in matches with such teams as the Nationals of Washington, Worcesters, Holyokes and Springfields can present, not to mention others.

The match of Thursday last attracted a paying patronage, even with the loop-holes for a gratuitous view of the proceedings inside which the grounds now offer, as fully a thousand spectators had a more or less free view of the contest, while inside the grand-stand was thronged, and hundreds had to stand. The new stand for reporters is a very welcome and needed addition to the accommodations. Nothing now is required but to cut off the outside view, and really the cheapest way to do this would be to erect new grand-stands.

The contest was marked by effective pitching and remarkably fine fielding in every position of the Albany team, and in all but one of the other side. Driscoll proved to be a very good change-pitcher, and Sullivan an excellent catcher. The Jersey nine did not earn a single run off Driscoll's pitching, though they did off the Albany fielding, inasmuch as by Callahan's good base-running, as O'Neil's substitute, a run was scored off two base-hits. Only five base-hits were scored by the home-team in the entire game, viz., one in the third by Ricker, one in the fifth by Ester, one in the sixth—a two-baser—by Booth, and two in the eighth, the latter giving a run-in, Callahan being on third when Troy hit safely to right field. On the Albany side, they led off in the first inning as if they were going to punish Poorman badly, Hanlon and Thomas making clean hits, and Say sending a ball to left field which only gave a very slight chance for a catch. Clinton ran in for it well, but it dropped too low for him to catch, and he had to let it go. This hit sent in Hanlon, and we gave Say the credit of a three-bagger, which made the run an earned one. Burns made a base-hit in the second inning, on which Keenan—who had gone to first on called balls and reached his second on a pass—ran in home, but Clinton threw the ball in so accurately that the runner was put in Farrow's hands in time, and thereby ending the inning, two men being out when Burns hit the ball. In the third inning, after one man was out, Thomas made a base-hit, but a double-play by Troy and Ricker ended the inning. It was in the fifth inning that the Albanys punished Poorman for clean-earned runs. Critchley led off with a base-hit, to the surprise of his friends. He has a very bad, cramped position in hitting, which necessarily weakens his play at the bat. Then Driscoll hit a safe ball, and, with two men on earned bases, Burns came to the rescue with a long-hit ball to right field, on which he easily reached his third. Then Hanlon hit well to Booth, who passed the ball in to Ester, and by him it was transferred in turn to Farrow, retiring Burns. Then Hanlon was disposed of at second, and Thomas was caught out, good fielding limiting the score to two earned runs. Not a base-hit was scored after this by the Albany team. The end of the seventh inning saw the score at 3 to 0 in favor of the Albanys, with a "Chicago" for Jersey looming up in the distance. In the eighth inning O'Neil popped up a safe one over second base, and, after Ricker had struck out in an effort to make a sacrifice-hit, Farrow hit a long ball to Hanlon at left field, and retired. In the interim Callahan reached second on a fumble at second and then third on the catcher, and just at this time Troy came to the rescue with a hot grounder to the right, on which Callahan scored. Booth then made a good effort for a right field hit, but the ball went to Say near Keenan, and the run-getting was stopped. The contest ended with the appended score:

JERSEY CITY.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	ALBANY.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Farrow, c.	4	0	0	3	0	0	Hanlon, l. f.	4	1	1	2	0	0
Troy, 2d b.	4	0	1	2	4	1	Hanlon, l. f.	4	1	2	4	1	0
Booth, r. f.	4	0	1	2	0	0	Thomas, 2d b	4	0	2	2	1	2
Callahan, 3b.	4	0	0	2	4	0	Sullivan, c.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Ester, s. s.	4	0	1	3	3	1	Say, s. s.	4	0	2	2	6	0
Clinton, l. f.	4	0	0	3	0	0	Rocap, r. f.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Poorman, p.	4	0	0	1	2	0	Keenan, 1b.	4	0	0	15	0	0
O'Neil, c.	3	0	1	1	1	0	Critchley, c.	3	1	1	1	1	0
Ricker, 1st b	3	0	1	11	0	0	Driscoll, p.	3	1	0	1	1	0
Totals	34	1	5	27	15	3	Totals	34	3	9	27	13	2

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Jersey City	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	—1
Albany	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	—3

First base by errors—Jersey City, 2; Albany, 1. Earned runs—Jersey City, 0; Albany, 3. Umpire, Mr. Wardell. Time, 1h. 50m.

Of the play in the match on the Albany side, where all did so well it is difficult to make a selection; but Say's short-field play and Keenan's work at first were specially noteworthy. On the other side Callahan made some fine play at third in stopping and catching, as did Ester at short. Ricker, one of the most useful and earnest workers of the nine—attended to first base well, having some wide throwing to attend to at times.

BOSTON vs. TROY.

The Bostons met the Troys at Troy, N. Y., on July 30, for the first time. The home-nine were without the services of their pitcher, Bradley, and left-fielder, Mansell, the latter being sick, and Bradley's absence being attributable to the death of his child on the day preceding. In this emergency several changes were made in the Troy's positions, Brouthers essaying to pitch for the first time. Under the circumstances a defeat was unavoidable for the home-nine, whose poor base-running made it still more decisive. Morrill's batting and third-base play deserve mention on behalf of the Bostons. Fewer than 500 persons were present.

BOSTON.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	TROY.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Cogswell, 1b	5	1	1	9	0	0	Brouthers, p.	4	0	2	1	1	1
Jones, l. f.	5	1	1	2	0	0	Hall, c.	4	0	0	3	1	0
O'Rourke, c. f.	5	1	2	1	1	1	Caskins, s. s.	4	0	2	1	3	0
Houck, r. f.	5	1	0	1	1	1	Hawkins, 2b.	4	0	1	2	6	0
Burdock, 2b.	5	0	1	2	4	0	Clapp, 1b.	4	0	1	12	0	0
Sutton, s. s.	4	0	0	2	3	0	Doescher, 3b.	4	0	1	0	3	1
Morrill, 3b.	4	2	3	4	2	0	Evans, r. f.	4	0	2	1	0	2
Bond, p.	4	0	0	0	3	0	Kelly, l. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Snyder, c.	4	0	2	5	3	0	Kelley, c.	3	0	1	5	1	0
Totals	40	8	11	27	17	4	Totals	35	0	9	27	20	5

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Boston	2	0	0	2	0	0	0	4	0	—8
Troy	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Runs earned—Boston, 2. Two-base hits—Caskins, Three-base hit—Jones. Bases on called balls—Burdock, Cogswell, Hawkes. First base on errors—Boston, 2; Troy, 3. Umpire, Bradley. Time, 2h. 40m.

CHICAGO vs. CLEVELAND.

The Chicagos and Clevelands met for the first time this season on July 30 at Chicago, Ill. The visitors by excellent batting had gained a long lead at the end of the sixth inning, when the Chicagos commenced to play the "waiting game," and, aided in this by the umpire, managed to make enough runs on called balls and wild pitches to secure a victory that reflects but little credit on them. Ten innings were played before the home-nine could get in the winning run.

CHICAGO.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	CLEVELAND.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Dalry'ple, l. f.	6	0	1	2	0	0	Phillips, lb.	5	0	1	12	0	1
Peters, s. s.	5	0	1	1	5	0	Eden, r. f.	5	0	0	0	0	0
Williams'n, 3b	5	0	1	2	2	0	Carey, s. s.	5	0	1	1	5	0
Anson, 1b.	5	2	1	15	0	0	Warner, 3d b	5	1	1	4	3	2
Shaffer, r. f.	5	1	3	1	0	0	Glasscock, 2b	4	1	1	2	3	0
Flint, c.	5	0	1	3	6	2	Kennedy, c.	5	0	2	10	2	0
Quest, 2b.	5	0	1	3	6	2	McC'rmick, lf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Larkin, p.	4	0	0	0	6	0	Strief, c. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Remsen, c. f.	5	1	1	2	0	0	Mitchell, p.	4	0	1	0	1	0
Totals	47	7	11	30	19	4	Totals	42	6	11	30	22	6

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	
Chicago	0	0	0	0	0	3	1	0	1	0	1—7
Cleveland	0	0	0	2	0	3	1	0	0	0	0—6

Earned runs—Cleveland, 4. Two-base hits—Anson and Kennedy. First base on errors—Chicago, 2; Cleveland, 2. Bases on called balls—Chicago, 5. Struck out—Chicago, 8

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

Hours.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Aug. 4.

LADIES' LIST.

Antoinette, Miss 6c.
Bernard, Laura (vocalist)
Boyd, Annie
Brancombe, Maude 16c.
Byron, Eva
Bretto, Emma
Christine, Millie
Craddock, Fannie 6c.
Coombs, Jane
Casella, Mrs.
Carrara, Idalia
Carmas, Mamie
Carlyn, Nettie(vocalist)
Cushing, Bella
Dimple, Dollie
Dixon, Hattie
Duclos, Ninon
Dayton, Lillian
Davenport, Mrs. M. (ofCriterionCo.)
DeGroat, Mrs. C. (late of Lander's Co.)
Desiree, Mad. (late of Miller's Wint. Gard.)
Davenport, Fannie (of Daly's Co.)
De Lisle, Maude
D'Evna, Rosa
Don, Laura (2) 9c.
DeBorr, Mad (late of St. Louis)
Daly, Lizzie
Dickinson, Anna E.
Derby, Emily Melville
Denton, Susie
D'Alve, Lillie & Gussie
Davenport, Anna
Evans, Lottie
Emerson, Minnie
Emmet, Mrs. E. E. (care J. K. Emmet)
Farwell, Addie

Garland, Grace
Gray, Jet
Harris, Nellie (late of Kernan's)
Howard, Jose
Hamilton, Maude
Harold, Maggie (of Clark's Co.)
Hamilton, Mrs. E. B.
Irving, Edith (vocalist) (2)
Jasper, Marie
Knight, Fannie
Kelsey, Nellie
LaTorie, Louise
Lucille, Fannie 9c
Lewis, Jessie (of Harvey's Burlesque Co.)
Leslie, Mlle. (of Craig's Co.)
Lang, Ione
Lawrence, Millie
McDowell, Kate
McLellan, Jennie
McGibery, Helen
Marcia, Mlle.
Mena, Inon(ot)Mexican)Circus)
Monte, Ada
Montague, Louise
Miller, Mary (late of Woods, Philadel.)
Mitchell, Lottie
Macarte, Mrs. Fred
Mayling, Mrs. C. (care Dody Zanfretta)
Moore, Eunice (of Moore Sisters)9c.
Myers, Rebecca (Lilliputian)
Nelson, Minnie 5, (p.o. m.London, Eng.)
Nicholls, Maggie
Nathan, Sarah A.
Nicholls, Miss 9c
Oates' Opera Co., Manager
Pascoe, Marie (2)
Parm, Katie
Peak, Lu-lu (vocalist)
Parker, Maggie
Plimsoll, Flora (burlesque "biz")
Price, Miss Jeo.
Phelps, Little Ida
Pike, Dollie (of Clayton's Co.)
Sherwood, Alice
Steele, Sallie
Shellman, Rosa
St. Felix, Clementine
Sherwood Sisters
Shanley, Josephine (2)
Steuart, Sisters
Stanhope, Adele 9c.
Sidfield, Imogene
Sherwood, Gracie (of Sherw.Sist.)
Stanley, Mabel 9c.
Sylvester, Emilie (dramatic "biz")
Stanley, Little Sparrow, Miss(English p.o.mark)
Smithson, Georgina (2)
Stanley, Maude
Shadelle, Mrs. F.
Tenbrook, May (vocalist)
Turnour, Mrs.
Tracy, Hepsey
Turner, May (actress)
Taggart, Christina
Tudor, Mrs. J.
Thurman, Frances
Vernon, Beatrice
Vernon, Adah
Venus & Adonis
Waldron, Mrs. G.
Weatherseby's Frolics, Manager
Whitland, Kittie
Zanfretta, Dody
Zuleika, Mlle

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Allen, Delehanty & Hengler's Minst.
Armstrong, Harry
Arnold, W. (of Arnold Bros.)
Alyne, E. J.
Anthony & Parsons (2)
Adams, Geo. (of Humpty Dumpty Co.)
Allen, W. L.
Andress, Prof.
Chas. (2)
Arnold, J. (of Riching's Op. Co.)
Aronson, Aaron
Aldrich, Louis
Arover, Jr., L.
Ball, R. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Brown, Col. Thos. (of Joe Emmet's Co.)
Bland, J. (of Sprague & Bearin)
Buffalo Bill's Co., Manager
Barrymore, Maurice
Belmont, Frank
Baker, Louis 6c.
Bancroft, A. H.
Blitz, Francois R. (2)
Blitz, Walter
Bryant, C. (of Bryant & Savile)
Barrett, Lawrence
Binney, F. (of Gibson & Binney)
Bonnell, Otto (musician)
Barton, Clarance
Ba.
Banks, C. L.
Barnum, P. T.
Barrett, M. (late of San Francisco)
Blair, Billy (comedian)
Baird, J. (of Baird's Minst.)
Berger, Christie
Barry, John
Berkley or Buckley, J. W. (minst. "biz")
Boyer, F. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Bassett, Chas.
Bushnell, Dan
Boyd, John (of Bel last, Irel.)
Bray, W. H.
Berry, C. M.
Beach, Bobby
Byron, H. J.
Carenl, Henri
Calice, Myron
Emerson, J. (2)
Cecil, Prof. A. A.
Charleston, J. F.
Chase, D. H.
Cressville, J. A.
Clarke, Kit
Carr, F. B.
Creston, W. H.
Cameron, W. C.
Cotton, Jr., Ben
Canning, S. L.
Clapham, G. (of B. W. P. & W. Mins.)
Cook, F. W.
Clotz, John (juggler)
Collins, Chas.
Crean & Wm. Skuse, S.
Cox, W. C.
Cone, S. (of Clayton's Co.)
Cody, Hon. Wm. F.
Delehanty, Mr. (Delehanty & Hengler)
DeBar, Bob (of Hall & DeBar) (2)
Dupree, C. H. (2)
Davis, Thos. L.
Delano, Jeppe & Jack
Dalton, E. R.
Diamond, Billy
Doty, H. (Arcadian Instructor)
Duncan, C. H. (vocalist
Dashaway, Chas.
Dearin, S. (of Weston & Dearin)
Devoy, John (comedian)
Danforth, Mr. (of Pomeroy's Co.)
Dixon, Fred
Douglas, J.
Dalton, D. (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Donavin, L. K.
Dureland, W. C.
DeGroat, C. P.
Detmone, Tony (of Shaw's)
Dun-tan, R. I.
Deagle, Geo. J. (2)
DeVivo, Mr. Minst. (2)
Opera-ho., Gal Yeston)
Deforum, F. (of Sells' Circus)
Dearin, Sam
Draper, S. (late of Stevens & Combs)
Davis, Chas. T.
Drew, John (of A. M. Palmer's Co.)
Darton, Robt. 9c.
Davis, C. H. (2)
Dickeson, H. A. (2)
Davis, C. L.
Dupree, C. H.
Drew, Mike
Everett, Geo.
Everett, H. B.
English, Tom
Ellis (of Watson & Ellis)
Edwards, Jas. S.
Emmet, Chas.

Florence, G. A. (2)
Foster, John
France, Sid C. (2)
Fash, Geo.
Farrar & Clark (2)
Fowler, F. B.
Ford, H. (of Georgia Minst.)
Faver & Shields
Fernanson, R. V. (2)
Fay, Hugh
Fox, G. W. (B. W. P. & W. Min.)
Forrest, F (of Cool Johnson's Co.)
Fleury, Fernando
Frayne, Frank
Gulick, Joe A.
Grover, Jr., L.
Garrett, J. (of Trans-Atlantic
Gunn, Mr. (of Colonel Guard Co.)
Gibbons & Russell (2)
Goodyear, C. W.
Gottlieb, Max
Goldie, F. (of Goldie & Steele)
Gaston, Albert (2)
Gale, Walter
Gerry, D. S.
Gerber, Gus
Germon, John
Hopp, J. (of Cole's Co.)
Healey, M. (of Healey & Conw & San.)
Howard, W. C.
Howe, Bert (gymnast)
Harris, W. (of Harris & Carroll)
Horan, Mr. (late of O'Iee's Op. Co.)
Hadley, M. W.
Hartz, M. (magician) 9c.
Hooks & Billy
Hess, C. D.
Healy, Dr. J. E.
Harding, Harry
Harrington, Frank
Hammond, John
Hiles, Chas. (late of Continental S)
Hanager, Olympic
Harris, Syracuse
Hair, Robt.
Mc Hough, John
McGrath, Eugene
Hargrave, Ben
Houlton, Harry
Harvey, T. (of Cole's Circus)
Hadley, Ernest B.
Mitchell, Wm.
Hoyt, King (2)
Melville, Chas.
Maddern, R. D. (musician)

Maffit & Bartholomew
Mead jan, E. H.
Murray, B. (with Mechanical Clock)
Mack, Weston & Wesley
Melville, W.
Mullen & Mc Mullen & Magee)
Murphy, J. H.
Moore, W. H.
Mc'arthy, Curley
Mott, F. J.
Martino, Prof. (magician)
Martin, J. (of Big 4)
Miller, R. F. J.
Morton, J. W.
Manager Theatre Comique, Springfield, Mass.
Newton, C. E.
Nevary, Jas. (Irish "biz")
Nathans, J. J.
Nugent, J. F.
Nash, John C.
Nelson, Albert 7c.
Oates, Mr. (of Emerson & Oates)
Olney, G. R. (musician)
Orrin Bros. (5)
Osmer, H. (of Fullman's Co.)
Pitt, S.
Parker & Dogs, Prof.
Polk, J. B.
Phillips, H. B. (2)
Potter, W. J.
Ready, M. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Rose, H. (of Haverly's Minst.)
"Roselle"
Rosenfeld, Geo. (2)
Ryan, Dick
Rosa & Dr. Wm.
Rice, Alfred
Robson & Crane
Rice's Evangeline Co., Manager
Rolland, W. (of Cohp's Circus)9c.
Ryan, Mr. (of Tom's Cab. Co.)
Roe, H. W. (p. o. m. Nottingham, Eng.)
Ricker, Robt.
Redmond, Chas.
Rudolf, H.
Ranone, M. V.
Raymond, Barney
Raymond, J. T.
Rosenfeld, D.
Singleton, W. H.
Sherman, Bert
Strickland, W. H.
Smith & C. (p. o. m. Chester, Eng.)
Sweatnam, Billy
Shay, John
Saulsbury's Troubadors
Simmons, Lew
Searles, T. J.
Sully, Dan (Irish "biz")
Seymour, W. (of L. Barrett's Co.)
Sadler, T. H.
Sellers, Harry (agent)
Stillman, Chas.
Smith, T. S. (manager)
Smart, Walter H.
Stevens, John A.
Slocomb, Done or Dave
Sebastian, Romeo
Saville, C. (of Cole's Circus) (2)
Saulsbury's Troubadors
Slate, Harry
Shay, Charlie
Selick & Po (Fine Art Entert.)
Thompson, Denman
Turner, L. (of Turner Bros.)
Thomas, W. H. (care Keyes)
Tinkham, E. A.
Todd, Wm.
Turner, J. (of Em. Leland's Co.)
Villa, S. B.
Vellepigne, James
Vandergaf, Joe
Wild, Oscar
Williams, Angeln
Wood, Lewis
Winefield, D. J.
Wade, Wm.
Wing, C. A.
Walters, G. (of Wallenstein's Co.)
West, W. (3 W. P. & W. Minst.) (2)
Woodvil le, Jas.
Wardell, Frank (of Comique, Portchester, N. Y.)
Wise, Hank (of Robinson & Crane)
Wren, Oliver W.
Wiley, Leon
Williams & Willis
Pickert, John
Williams' Comb., Manager Cin.
Wilkinson, C. (of Uncle Tom's Cabin Co.)
West, A. (of Barnum's Circus)
We t, G. (of Hayden Bros.)
White & Burtine
Wilder, Fred
Warbl, Tom
Wingfield, John (2)

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Aug. 4, '79.

Thus far into the bowels of the Summer have we marched on without impediment, save that occasioned by the efforts of the monarchs of Coney Island to fence out the children of Israel, and confine them to the island of Manhattan; but even that has proved to be but a mine days' marvel, and already the Jew and Gentile are lying down together as peaceful as the lion and the lamb, while the world revolves like a conniving and irregular baseball disciple. Although some of our Christian brethren are said to have endeavored to make discord in the camp of our theatrical friends by suggesting that the next hostile movement might have for its object the barring-out of the Hebrew children from our theatres and halls of amusement, we can safely assert, without fear of contradiction, that no such proposition has ever been seriously made to our managers; and were it made, it may surely be asserted that no such proposal or suggestion would be entertained for a single moment. The theatre is like our go-as-you-please pedestrian contentions—free to all who pay the entrance-fee and who do not flop down on a reserved seat for which they have not paid the duty. The theatre is an asylum for the oppressed of every nation, for the soul-sick and weary pilgrim from every clime, where he can for the time throw off the cares and the trials of life, and in the enjoyment of the mimic scenes presented in his every-day life find those comforts common to humanity. It is the one place above all other places where high and low, poor and rich, and people of every creed and denomination may meet on a common level, and, while witnessing the rise and fall of Richard the Third, mingle their sympathies in a common cause, and harmoniously applaud the downfall of the bloody Duke of Gloster, without suffering religious feelings or sectarian prejudices to influence them in the slightest degree. Even so the theatre is a soothing balm for all our griefs, an anidote for all our pains.....It was the dramatist Shakespeare we think, who gave life to the beautiful conceit: "Tis now the Winter of our discontent, made glorious Summer by the sun of York," etcetera. No doubt he comtalled those dissatisfactory remarks on some dreadfully cold night, when he was locked out, and the ice and snow were hedging him around and about like a wide-awake mother-in-law, which sticketh closer than a brother. Had he lived in our day, and had our experience of the rigors of New York, he would never have identified himself in this manner. Glorious Sol trains forsooth! The thermometer at one hundred Fahd npwards, and everybody a-growling and a-hanging and a-damning the weather, and expecpecting a foretaste of the torture which may be in st, se for them in the life to come! No wonder Brother — Brother — oh, what's his name, now? The man who lectures about Hell, and so forth. Oh, well, never mind. But even brother What-you-call-'em came nigh being a convert to the warm doctrines of others by declaring, in a moment of heated passion last week, that nobody need want any other place of punishment than that to be found on earth, hen ath the blistering sun and an atmosphere filled with humid boils and antemortem broils. (Let's see. Where were we, Jimmy? "Where it left you full of boils?" Oh, yes.)

How W. Shakespeare could make such a flattering and favorable notice of Satanmer is something we cannot understand, he being a play-actor, and depending upon that for a living. Why, saving the slanderer and vampire who, worming himself into the actors' domestic circles, shows his gratitude by sucking the life-blood out of his unfolding victims, the theatre and the theatrical profession have no such enemy as that of Summer. It shuts up the theatre like a jacknife with a Spring, and it keeps it closed until the "glorious Summer" meets a *more* glorious Fall!..... In the interest of our beloved readers we last week sought to interview our friendly managers, but it seemed to be an off-week for the interviewer or for the manager, it is immaterial which. Wherever we went the same answer met our inquiry as to the whereabouts of the indefatigable: "Not in—gone to Coney Island!" Sometimes we imagined that the gentlemanly attaches were guying us, giving us the grand bounce, or firing us out, in a manner speaking. In one instance we know the obliging official lied, because in a moment after we had been kindly informed that the manager was down there we discovered him in front of a neighboring bar taking his julep, with mint-sauce! Did we approach him? Certainly. Did we interview him? Yes; that's the racket we started upon—at least, we pot out our pencil, sharpened it, opened our tablets, and squared off at the manager. But he wasn't there—he had been quietly let out the back door, and that let *us* out! We managed by good luck to sneak into Daly's Broadway Theatre while the people were at dinner, as we thought. With pencil and paper all ready for a vivid description of the improvements being made in the interior of the house, we sat in a private box, and enjoyed ourself like anything while thinking how we had caught 'em napping. Suddenly, without a moment's warning, we were seized by two pair of stalwart arms, while four pair of stalwarter held an old canvas scene spread out to its fullest capacity. Into this we were emptied, and, before we knew another thing, all hands were shaking us up, and sending us up from pit to dome, only to catch us as we came down, and send us up again higher than ever. It was very humiliating and mortifying to us; and when the playful parties opened the big door in front, and slung us away out into the crowded thoroughfare, you can imagine our feelings. With no hat, with trousers torn, coat all in ribbons, and one boot on and one off, it is no wonder that, like alas! poor York, after his decease, we looked and felt quite "chapfallen," to speak in a humorous vein of such a serious performance. Our experience suggests a few very touching poetic remarks:

WHEN.

Oh, when we go to interview our managers again,
We'll take along a police-force to make our motives plain;
We'll board the lion in his den, the supers in their gary,
And then to intercept us we should like to see who'd dare!
With cops around on every side, 'twould take a thousand men
To bounce us as they did that day, as they did hoist us then.

When we come to think of it—all of us that we bore—
It causes sad reflections, and makes us sick and sore.

When we upon that mimic scene shall once again appear,
Sing Fred'ly a trusty tune, "Don't Leave Me Here."
It won't be *us* to get the bounce, or sent up to the dies—
The super who first touches us, that super surely dies.

A different scene will then be seen, a different drama played,
And woe betide the hireling horde by whom we were betrayed:

With shouts we'll make the welkin ring, and every cop will stare,
As the supers one and all begin to climb the golden stair.
.....There were two of them—they did the perche-act, and performed some feats that startled us, accustomed as we are to scenes of risk and danger and per lous escapes. They had reached that part of their act where the younger performer, after going through various difficult evolutions on a trapeze suspended some forty feet above the stage, prepared for the finale, which, when properly performed, never fails to elicit unbounded applause. [This was last Thursday.] The elder of the pair, after having been executing some wonderful feats on a trapeze some thirty feet lower down than that occupied by the young man we have referred to. We are thus particular, so that the reader may fully comprehend the situation, and be able to form a correct idea of the events connected with that unfortunate effort to subvert the laws of gravity. By signs known only to themselves, the brothers were placed *en rapport*, and, while there was the stillness of death on stage and in the audience, the awful danger of the act was well known to all—the younger brother stood fearlessly upon the slender bar, whose delicate construction seemed scarcely strong enough to sustain the weight of the youthful athlete, and suddenly, as if seized by a vertigo, let his grip, fell headlong down, and was instantly—caught by his brother, ere the vital spark had fled, as it had been arranged between them.....You will remember that we stated last week that Messrs. Sothern and Florence had g.t back from their fishing excursion. After a week, or two or two later, as they were passing a building now in course of erection, a bricklayer called out: "More salmon!" You never saw two such mortified men as our actors were, and yet the innocent bricklayer was merely calling to a hod-carrier for another common brick.....Arthur Sullivan had a narrow escape of it last week: his arrival at Boston was announced, and instantly five hundred interviewers were on their way to that favored city for the purpose of taking vengeance upon the pernicious composer of "Pinafore." But it wasn't Arthur—it was another man—the telegraph making a serious mistake in its transmission of the news.....According to the papers of the country, we ought to get out an injunction to prevent the production of the play called "*Queen's* Evidence," at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 11th inst. The case is one in which we have no interest warrant or authority. *Postscript.*—Prudent counsels have prevailed, and we have concluded *not* to apply for an injunction until we see whether the play succeeds or not. [A good plan.—ED.].....Jumbles," was our witty reply. "Is it good?" "Better than a piece." ("Jumbles" is the name of a delicious cake, and A. P. is the name of another almost as good. With this explanation the learned reader may be able to make something out of the above sweet dialogue.—Ed.)

.....The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children secured the arrest, at Saratoga, on July 30, of three of the Sheeley Children, who were performing in that watering-place. In this way the society see grist brought to their mill, but deprive the y uthful gymnasts of their usual means of earning an honest living. If the society were to suggest the inhibition of such acts, or provide them with some equally honest positions whereby they could support themselves, we should not complain; but we believe this is not among the good offices of the Cruelty people.....Another case of cruelty has just been brought to light in Dijon, France. It is a fossil molar as big as your two fists, and is offered for sale by a dealer in uncommon things. It is labeled as follows: "Half of one of Adam's teeth, found in his tomb at Hebron." It would seem as though that Adam wore very large teeth, and we also know that he died; but what puzzles us is as to the mode pursued by the old French showman to gain admittance to the tomb, and why Adam's teeth are permitted to lie around promiscuously. Adam antedates Noah's wonders by several thousand years, and, being guaranteed by the showman to be all that is claimed for it, we should think that some of our enterprising show-people would "go for it."

CURWEN'S LAWS.

Most wonderful things are coming to light
Every day we exist:
The latest mesmer disclosed to the sight
Of both is as big as your fist;
It belonged to Adam, who was the first man,
And 'twas this that the apple did bite:
With the serpent's connivance, to whose short span,
Which filled Mistress Eve with delight.
Now, if the lunch-fiend had teeth like those,
And the monkey-tribe, don't you see,
How long would it take him, do you suppose,
To make all the other fiends weep?

.....More bigo'try. We understand that the managers of camp-meetings are again finding fault with sideshowmen for setting up their tents and painted pictures so close to the tents of the brethren, o. the ground that such worldly exhibitions draw people from the sanctuary, and thereby interfere with some of the services. Now where, we should like to know, would the dear brethren have the sideshowman go? Surely they do not wish to set him down alone in some uninhabited field, a hundred miles from the camp-meeting, and there let his action lose very much like it. Such intolerance should receive no encouragement from camp-followers.....A good deal of alarm has been created by an alleged report that, in consequence of rumors of a renewal of "The Pinafore" mania in England, a movement among the supporters of the drama in this country to repel all such insidious devices to undermine the fundamental principles of our Government; and advising that, wherever "The Pinafore" is presented, the people should *go to the theatre armed!* I am about of the comics as soon as they come upon the stage, this being deemed the only possible means of extinguishing the evil. To ascertain the foundation for such report, we have interviewed the theatre-goers, and the result of our inquiry is that, should such combination has been formed, each habitue will act for himself in the matter; but whether cannon are to be included in the armament, no one would so far commit himself as to state one way or the other. We have put detectives on their track'.....Others are being treated to "Another Drink" in London, the same being a burlesque on "L'Assommoir;" and, singular coincidence, about the same time and in the same thirsty city "The Worship of Bacchus" is all the go.....It looks as if a good many performers from a foreign shore will fraternize with us the coming season, wages being so low over there, and theatrical business so dull. The ladies should understand that, while we worship pretty faces and sculptresque forms, we prefer that such attractions should be backed up by at least a *shoot* of talent. And let them also bear in mind that "to the pure all things are pure," which nobody can deny. Gentlemen of the variety profession will do well if they possess specialties of extraordinary merit; our own variety people cannot easily be excelled, and, if our foreign relations desire to compete with us successfully in that branch of the public service, they must bring along something new, and understand how to act it, otherwise no sale.....Tony Pastor and his excellent troupe of specialists have hit 'em hard in San Francisco; press and public unite in praise of the present combination, and the house is crowded at every performance. It's a Tony affair all through......"Our Jim" very seriously asks us if we do not think a young woman must be very wicked to proclaim herself a Lyin' Queen, and that, too, in a pious city like New York? We can we assure the lad that he misunderstands the case—that she does not claim to be a Lyin' Queen, but a Lion Queen, one who subjugates and makes subservient to her will the king of the forest—he excuses himself on the plea of hot weather and a tendency to the brain, and he quietly goes hence.

EXTRA POETRY.

This portion is rather solid, and perhaps we ought to break it
By ringing in a verse or two, or anything to make it
Appear less dull and sombresome, or otherwise less
Needful.*
And also show how nicely are our rhythmic idyls worded.
At present in the city nearly every house is closed,
Likewise throughout the provinces you will also find them
closed;
But farther go and much worse fare is a very trite† maxim,
With high rates ne'er will managers again the people cut
'em.

* Poetic license. † The same.

.....Genevieve Ward, who was our own ward last year, was to have been brought out at the Lyceum, London, Aug. 2, a new play entitled "Zara." Probably in honor of Bernhardt, or the Desert of Sahara, we are not informed which.....The Hummel Family, noticed in our past issue as playing at Long Branch, make things hum a little by the precision and harmony of their music. [Hummel and hum a little also harmonize nicely, as you have no doubt already discovered.—ED.].....Gus Williams expects to play "Our Congressman" next season. If he plays 'em for all they are worth, Congress ought to do well.....One hour we have been waiting for the compositors to cry out "Hold, enough!" but in vain: probably they have been round the corner waiting for someone to say that *they* hold enough. [This is a joke—all our compositors are strictly temperate, and never indulge in even so much as a glass of soda.—ED.]

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

R. D'Oyley Carte, who was to have sailed for Liverpool during the week before last, slyly changed his ticket for a trip on the favorite steamer Bothnia, which left here on the 8th ult., and in which he left, perhaps.....Leonard G. Outram, who is to look out for the interests of Daniel Bandmann's American tour, has arrived here from London.....A London paper having stated that the husband of Miss Rose Eytinge was about to appear in that city, and overheard American papers laughing at this, having stupidly announced that Col. Geo H. Butler is the husband of Miss Eytinge—because, forsooth, the two'n were married many years ago!—the Colonel has availed himself of the opportunity to write to *The Republic* of Washington, D. C., under date of July 23, that he has obtained a divorce from the lady professionally known as Rose Eytinge. Now let it go at that.....A new lecturer is to take the field, in the person of Miss E. M. Patterson, said to be a granddaughter of the late Andrew Johnson.....Returning from Boston after a long absence in Europe, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," and some few other things called on an old schoolmate. She said, says she: "Mr Payne, don't you find Boston much changed?" "Yes, madam," he said, says he. "Very much. I receive many invitations to attend church, but very few to dinner." Really Boston has never changed. It was Payne's misfortune that the Liverpool or Bristol packet landed him at the Bab on Saturday afternoon, and before the Bostonians had made their arrangements—or measured out their beans—for their Sabbath meal.....Franz Rummel the pianist will not return to Europe this season, he having been engaged for an early Autumn campaign on this side.....The N. Y. Sennenbunde again sang at Brighton Beach, in conjunction with the Germania Orchestra, on the night of the 30 h ult.....Germany is indulging in the luxury of another musical sensation. His name is Lutter, and he is a youth of large, athletic proportions, who, after separating from his wife, married T. Gordon and visited India, where she died in 1863. Mr. Ward subsequently married Kate Palmer. During the early part of his professional career he played leading heavy business; but of late years had confined himself to old men's characters. He was reliable and attentive to business, and, being of an open, free-hearted nature, was popular with all with whom he was brought in contact. He left a widow, one daughter, Carrie, and two stepchildren—Dellie, the wife of W. H. Power, and David. His funeral is to take place Aug. 5, at half-past two o'clock, from the residence of his uncle, William Ward, in Jersey City, N. J., where his remains will probably be interred besides those of his father, Thomas Ward, who was a well-known actor, and in the latter years of his life he acted as business-manager for F. S. Chanfrau and Mlle. Albertine. W. M. Ward's last appearance on the stage was in Washington, D. C., a few months ago, when he supported Neil Burgess in "Widow Bedott."

WILLIE SEYMOUR arrived Aug. 1, accompanied by L. P. Farrett, who left the next day for his Summer residence, in Cohasset, Mass. Mr. Seymour travels with Mr. Barrett the coming season. Mr. Barrett is not under contract to J. M. Hill, as has been reported, the negotiations having fallen through.

MR. AND MRS. BANDMANN will return to this country about Aug. 18, and his company a few days later. His only appearance in this country will be at Monmonds & Brown. Mr. Lacy attends to the press only, and we are informed that Mr. Outram is an actor looking for a position in America.

MARY LODSKI YOUNG arrived from California Aug. 2, and Ben Thompson arrived from there on same date.

DURING THE FOURTH WEEK of Haverly's Colored Minstrels in Haverly's Lyceum Theatre, notwithstanding the high temperature the latter part of the week, a good business was done. A benefit on that night was given, including "On My Journey Home," sung by James Grace; "Dem Silver Slippers," Jas. Bland; "Always Keep a Smile for Mother" [This does not refer to the little black bottle on the upper cupboard shelf.—ED.] Clip. Jones; "Oh, Eit away," Pete Devonear; "Carve dat Possum," Nell Moore; "My Pretty Red Rose," George Bohee: "I Love My Love," Tom McIntosh; "Massa's in de Cold Ground," R. G. Little; and for the finale "Recruits for Gilmore's Band," were revived. The changes in the were the specialties of Wm. Reynolds, Masters Sykes and Woodson in songs-and-dances, and the sketch of "The Editor's Tribulations."

HATTIE ARNOLD writes to THE CLIPPER that during her recent illness she was at no time in a hospital, but was in her home.

WM. LESTER, business-manager of Viola Clifton's Company, was in town last week.

THE LARGE ATTENDANCE at Harry Miner's Theatre during the past week afforded proof of the popularity of the entertainment there presented. The new faces were Mullen and Magee, Minnie Lee, Add Ryman, Press Eldridge and Pat Rooney. Mullen and Magee in their act of "The Men of Nerve," concluding with a clever sparring-bout, at once established themselves as favorites. Miss Lee's songs, and Add Ryman's stump oration and Press Eldridge's capital Ethiopian eccentricities lent a pleasing diversity to the programme, of which a decided feature of attraction was Pat Rooney's Irish songs and sayings. Gus Williams' specialties continued to attract, although in its fifth week. The Dockstaders and McVickers and Saunders are the new faces for Aug. 4.

COOL BURGESS, Eugene Blitz, Ella Mayo, Boyd and Sarsfield, and Mollie De Mar were the additions last week to the company at the Tivoli Theatre, where the attendance continued good. Cool Burgess' specialties proved an attractive feature. Eugene Blitz with his imitations and "Punch and Judy" entertainment, and Boyd and Sarsfield made a favorable impression in popular songs. Boyd and Sarsfield's songs-and-dances met with a due share of applause, and the serio-comic vocalism of Mollie De Mar was acceptably given. John Pendy and Jefferson Wilson, Kelly and Weston and Mlle. Georgie open here Aug. 4.

AT THE VOLKS' GARDEN a lengthy and varied entertainment was given last week to the satisfaction of large audiences. The novel attractions included the specialties of the Lorellas, Ellie Kruper and John and James Russell. The Lorellas were remarkably clever in their grotesque evolutions. Elise Kruger was favorably received in her character impersonations, and the Russells earned applause in their Irish and Ethiopian songs-and-dances. The new arrivals Aug. 4 include the American Four—Tinnzili, Gale, Hoey and Daley—Lew and Pauline Parker, Ada Stanwood, Mark Murphy, Clara Stewart and Mons. Hugo.

THE PRINCIPAL BALLET-DANCERS engaged in Europe by Kirafly Brothers for the new spectacular drama to be produced in Niblo's Garden Aug. 25 are Mlle. Cornalba of the San Carlo Theatre, Naples, Italy, who is the star; Mlle. Eugenie Cappelini of Barcelona; Mlle. Zattio, from Cairo; Mlle. Comis, from Milan; Mlles. Cornali, Resch, Pauer and Rousalli, from Florence; and several coryphees, the entire troupe numbering forty persons.

JOSEPH MURPHY is to open the season in the Grand Opera-house Aug. 25, acting in "Kerry Gow."

F. W. Turner, late lessee of the Bijou Opera Theatre, has leased the Olympic Theatre, which he intends opening about Sept. 15.

HAVERLY'S COLORED MINSTRELS continue two weeks longer in Haverly's Lyceum Theatre.

THE MARIANI & HAWLEY Dramatic Company, accompanied by his widow and two sons, reached here from England in the steamship Celtic Aug. 2, and were received by a number of friends, among whom were his late partner, Henry C. Jarrett, and A. H. Tooker. The funeral is to take place at the Church of the Annunciation, on Fourteenth street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues, Aug. 6, at ten o'clock A. M. A request has been made that flowers should not be sent.

D. S. WAMBOLD of the San Francisco Minstrels was quite ill during the early part of the past week in Saratoga, N. Y., where, with his wife, he is passing the Summer. Exaggerated reports of his condition reached this city, causing the daily journals to state that he was on his death-bed, and to print biographical sketches of his professional career. He is now much better.

MISS MARIAN DARCY is the name of a new candidate for dramatic honors in this city, and we are to make her New York debut at the Park Theatre Aug. 26 in a new emotional play called "The Living Statue." The lady is said to be quite pretty, is petite, and has met with considerable success in the English provinces. A first-class stock company is being secured for her by Simmonds & Brown, the dramatic agents, Joseph Wheelock, B. T. Ringold, H. Dalton, L. F. Rand, the Misses Meroe Charles, Stella Congdon and Eva Garrick, and B. A. Baker (stage manager) having already been engaged.

DRAMATIC.

Special Notice.

It having come to our knowledge that several persons holding our credentials as correspondents to report SPORTING MATTERS ONLY have presented such credentials for admission to theatres and traveling entertainments, which in some instances has been granted them, we therefore respectfully request managers of all entertainments to refuse admission to all persons presenting such cards or light blue color, having printed diagonally across their faces, in red ink, *"For Sporting News Only."*

New Credentials.

Differing entirely from all others hitherto issued from this office, have been sent to every AUTHORIZED CORRESPONDENT OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER. Managers, door-keepers and others are respectfully requested *not to extend any courtesies or information* to persons claiming to be our correspondents unless they can exhibit these credentials, which are in folio form, of RED MOROCCO, having on the outside an engraving of THE CLIPPER BUILDING printed in gold, and on the inside, upon LIGHT GREEN PAPER, the names of the city, correspondent, etc., signed by the proprietor of the paper, and the stamp of the office, dated March 1, 1879, affixed. A photograph likeness of the correspondent is attached to the lower left-hand corner. These credentials are *not transferable*; and, if they are presented by any person other than those whose names and portrait they bear, managers will confer a favor if *they will retain them and return them by mail to this office.* Managers can save themselves from imposition by demanding upon all occasions an exhibition of these credentials. Applicants for the position of correspondent should inclose a photograph, not smaller than cabinet, showing head and bust only—size of head, five-eighths of an inch—and if no reply is sent they will please consider silence a negative. THE CLIPPER never employs *traveling* correspondents.

MARIE PRESCOTT reached her home in Covington, Ky., July 30. She will remain there till the season opens.

MRS. MOLLIE MAEDER STEELE is visiting relatives in Cincinnati.

W. L. GLEASON has been engaged with the Mordaunt-Boniface Combination.

J. H. HAVLIN, agent for H. J. Sargent, informs us that he has received a cablegram from the last-named, stating that Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight had met with a flattering reception in Birmingham, Eng., and that he had engaged them for two years.

JAMES HAMILTON, the builder of the Opera-house at Wheeling, W. Va., goes ahead of Dora Gordon Steele's "Hallow E'en" Party next season.

ISABEL MARET, leading, heavy or first old-woman, can be addressed care of this office for engagements.

EDWARD WERNER and Maud Stanley are engaged with Spaulding's Bellringers for the coming season.

MRS. HARRY R. STEVSON, wife of a well-known actor, residing in Rochester, N. Y., died there July 19. She was not a professional.

WM. S. SCHMIDT of Louisville, Ky., a recent debutante, is to be a member of the Mrs. D. P. Bowers-Charlotte Thompson Combination. This company will have three leading men—J. C. McCollum, W. H. Power, and probably W. E. Sheridan, or L. R. Shewell.

W. A. MASON, who advertises, wants to engage a lady for soubrette and juvenile business, and a lady-amateur of experience.

A LEADING-LADY, a soubrette, a walking-gentleman, two utility-men, a scenic-artist, and a leader of orchestra, also specialty artists and sensational dramatic stars are wanted for the Academy of Music, Quincy, Ill. Address Edwin P. Hilton, business-manager.

HARRY WEBBER, English comedian, will appear the coming season in his own dramatization of "Cacolet Varicol" (by the author of "The Two Orphans"), which he is to give under the title of "Sip and Tack." He will be supported by a company under the management of Joseph A. Gulick. Handsome printing and every essential to make the drama an attractive card are advertised among the inducements for managers to secure this star and troupe. The company will open in Chicago Ill., Nov. 3.

DEATH OF W. M. WARD.—This well-known actor died, somewhat unexpectedly, of dropsy, at 334 Eighth avenue, at seven o'clock A. M. Aug. 8, aged 57 years. William Melmoth Ward was born in Upton-upon-Severn, Worcestershire, Eng., Oct. 6, 1822. He came to this country when a youth, and made his debut on the dramatic stage in February, 1840, in the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., act ng Rolla in "Pizarro," and he is credited with having made his first appearance in this city some years later, acting Atallba in the same drama. The intelligence of his demise reaches so late upon the day of going to press that we have not time to trace his professional career in detail. He had acted in most of the principal theatres of this country. The early portion of his career was, we think, passed in the West and South. About 1854 he returned to this city, and played in the Bowery Theatre for a time, and subsequently was at the Old Broadway Theatre, after which he again went West, playing in Buffalo and with Ben De Bar in St. Louis, Mo., and New Orleans, La. He again returned to Buffalo, where he remained several seasons. He traveled with a combination supporting Lotta, and subsequently was one season at Wood's Museum, in this city, and in 1875-6 at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, La. In 1876-7 he traveled with Jarrett & Palmer's "Julius Cæsar" Combination throughout the country, and in 1877-8 he traveled with Joseph Murphy's Company. During the past season he was a member of the company supporting Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight. He had been twice married. His first wife was Miss Edith Mitchell, an excellent actress, who, after separating from him, married T. Gordon and visited India, where she died in 1863. Mr. Ward subsequently married Kate Palmer. During the early part of his professional career he played leading heavy business; but of late years had confined himself to old men's charac

JOHN GALLAGHER, formerly left-fielder of the Standard Baseball Club of Wheeling, W. Va., is now engaged playing the snare drum with Prof. Kramer's Military Band at the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs.

BLANCHE CORRELLI sang in Thorne's Summer Garden, Washington, D. C., the past week. Miss Elise Conly commences a week's engagement Aug. 4.

"OH, TELL ME WHAT TO DO!" is the title of a motto-song advertised by Keil.

SHAFFER'S SWISS BELLRINGERS are to play in Warren, Me., Aug. 4, 5, Hurricane Island 6, Vinal Haven 7, 8, Rockport 9, Camden 11, 12, Deer Isle 13, 14, Sedgwick 15, 16, Mount Desert, for one week, commencing 18.

VARIETY HALLS.

J. C. FRANKLIN, the well-known pantomimist, whose real name was J. C. Cobey, died of consumption July 25 at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Maggie Dumbell, 1,524 West Susquehanna avenue, Philadelphia. Mr. Franklin, who was in his thirty-ninth year, was born in Boston, Mass., and entered the show business at the age of ten years, becoming a member of Welsh & Lent's Circus Company. He soon became an expert rider, tumbler, leaper, gymnast and general performer. After a time he devoted his attention to the double-trapeze, and had for a partner Moreste, afterwards of Schrode and Moreste. He filled many engagements with circuses, variety theatres, etc., in many different capacities in the years that followed. He played Dragonfin in the "Black Crook" at Niblo's, New York, for over three hundred nights, and was the original of the Consumptive Jurvman in Oakey Hall's play of "Crucible." About fourteen years prior to his death he was married in Cincinnati to Alice Amelia Smith, a dansense, from whom he was afterwards divorced. For several years past he had devoted himself to pantomime, and was an excellent Pantaloon. He was engaged for that part with the Tony Denier Troupe last season, and played it for a few months, when ill health compelled him to relinquish his duties. His last appearance on any stage was with the Denier Troupe some time in January last. During his long illness, from that time to his death, he was tenderly cared for by his sisters and loving friends. Tony Denier was especially kind to him, sending him a regular remittance of ten dollars every week, and deceased could not sufficiently express his gratitude to Tony for his great generosity; and the last words he ever spoke were words of affection and gratitude for Tony Denier. He was a member of New York Lodge No. 1, B. P. O. of Elks, but during his sickness had fallen from good standing on account of non-payment of dues. Last May, however, several of his friends generously contributed enough to reinstate him, and sixteen dollars besides, which sum was forwarded to him. It was his request that he should be buried in "Elks' Rest," and through the kindness of Frank Moran, John Morrell of Tony Pastor's Troupe, Tony Denier, Bros. Tyndale, Stoltz, Waehner, and Donaldson of New York Lodge No. 1, and other kind friends, his body was taken to New York and buried there July 28.

STILES AND BARRY, Julia Walcot, Mlle. Lucille, Mlle. Irene, Charles H. Stanley, Dukes and Wade, and Fanny Herring in the drama of "The Tigress of the West," supported by W. H. Danvers. W. E. Sterling, Charles Stanley, Dan Leesor, M. Heppard, J. F. Raymond, F. Dilks, G. Stiles, J. Franklin, W. Wade, Misses Marie Wellesley, Lizzie Wade, and Miss Leh Gordon, were the attractions at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, last week, drawing light houses. Charles A. Greer begins Aug. 4. Stiles and Barry closed suddenly July 26.

ANDY ROONEY, brother of Harry Enochs, died recently in Philadelphia, in his fifty-sixth year. For a number of years he was doorkeeper at what is now the Grand Central Theatre, when that establishment was a circus, and subsequently filled the same position at Enochs' Varieties. For some time prior to his death he had no connection with the profession. He was a Freemason, and was buried with Masonic honors July 30 his funeral being largely attended by professionals and others. The floral offerings were numerous and handsome.

FROM CINNATI our correspondent writes Aug. 2: "A combination composed of Bob Mack, the Wellington Sisters, Charles Lord, Billy and Lydia West, Cooper and Vennetta, and John De Forrest have performed during the current week at the Lookout Theatre to a fair business. They will be succeeded by a dramatic company, made up here, in a piece called 'A Marked Life.'.....Moore and Lessenger, excellent German comedians; Ella Heflin, song-and-dance; and the Mauritius Brothers, gymnasts, opened at the Eldorado 28. Biz fair. Departures: Charles and Ella Jerome, to Louisville; the Mauritius Brothers and Josie Wade, Opening 4: Billy and Lydia West, Dick Hume and Jennie Lindsay.....Geo. H. and Nettie Wood, Billy and Lizzie Conway, Tommy Cassidy, Charley Gallagher and Jessie Adams are at the Bella Union....Charles Constantine, manager, and Charles N. Richardson, stage-manager of the Coliseum, arrived yesterday. .....Esher's New Theatre, which will be opened for the first time 16, has finally been christened the New Palace, instead of Athenæum. The Esher Brothers were years ago the proprietors of the Palace Varieties, in this city, which burned down in 1868. .....Minnie Lawton left for New York and Little Rosebud for Washington 30.....Managers Allen of the National, Douglas of Robinson's, and Snellbaker of the Vine-street are expected here 5."

THE SUMMER THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., did a large business the past week. The fresh appearances were Fernando Fleury in character songs and changes, May Marshall in serio-comic songs, and R. G. Allen in banjo-solos and songs. Owing to the non-arrival of Henri De King and partner, on account of sickness, Bryant and Saville were re-engaged for the week. Departures Aug. 2: Perry, Magrew, Curdy and Hughes, and Bryant and Saville, to Philadelphia; Alice Gilmore and Lou Vavasour, to Baltimore; and Alf McDowell, to Beverly, N. J. Announced for 4: Prof. Pharazyn, Dan Sully, Harry Woodson, Kitty Whitland, Bella Beni, and Nellie Anderson.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE COMPANY continue to occupy the Virginia Opera-house, Richmond, Va. Lizzie Aldine left Aug. 2, going to Lynchburg.

MAY WILLIAMS, of Winona, Minn., died in St. Paul, July 28, 29, to large business. Our correspondent says: "She encountered a series of troubles owing to several members of her company getting out writs of attachment for salary alleged to be due. J. W. Mack and Ada Boshell did not appear the second night. They performed in Minneapolis 30, 31, but their dates from there to Winnepeg, Manitoba, have been canceled.....Connolly's Varieties is to be opened Aug. 25. Among the people already engaged are the Ilferd Sisters and Frank Kelly."

JOHN J. SELLON of Sellon and Burns is in Indianapolis, Ind., suffering with an abscess under his right arm, and cannot work. He will probably return to his home in New York City.

AT THE FOREST GARDEN, Boston, Mass., Mafitt's company, reinforced by Emma Marden, appeared in the sketch of "No Pinafore" and the pantomime of "Nickey Nubble" the past week.

AT THE SANS SOUCI, Providence, R. I., the new operetta "Buttercups and Daisies" completed its second week Aug. 2 to good business. In preparation, "The Bells of Normandy."..... At the Palace Garden about twenty thousand people witnessed "Pinafore" on the lake during the past week. Till's Marionettes still continue.....At the Rocky Point Coliseum Spaulding's Bellringers appeared the past week. Aug. 4, Malone Cotton, Ben Cotton, Ollie Cotton, Sullivan and Harrington, and Mitchell the fire-demon reappear. Letter of Aug. 2.

MR. CRONE'S GARDEN THEATRE, Indianapolis, Ind., our correspondent says, on July 28 "the bill opened with 'The Two Nuns,' in which Geo. A. Stevens and J. H. McBride (formerly Joe Mack) made their appearance at this house. Fresh in the olio were Vic. Reynolds in serio-comic songs; Joe Redmond and Ada Clifton in a character sketch, introducing taking songs; J. H. McBride in a well-rendered drunk. Allie Smith was unable to appear by reason of sickness, Nimmie Kent filling the vacancy in an artistic skipping-rope dance. After the first night Miss Kent and Vic. Reynolds made a favorable impression in a double song-and-dance, their second appearance together. 'The Two Orphans,' boiled down to three acts, concluded a satisfactory show, reflecting credit on the management. The scenery for the piece was painted by W. C. Turner, and was neat and appropriate. J. H. McBride and Geo. A. Stevens remain indefinitely. Closing Aug. 2: The Seamons, to Louisville; Allie Smith, who goes with Tony Denier the coming season; Joe Redmond, Ada Clifton, Vic. Reynolds, Imogene Hyams. Billed for 4: The Virginia Vics—Tanner, Welch and Harris—Chas. Redmond and Georgie Blake, Annie Boyd, C. W. Goodyear, Leslie Richmond, Harry De Lave—the two last named for the stock. Business rules fair....., Manager J. H. Cook of the Theatre Comique, St. Joseph, Mo., has been enjoying himself here this week. He returned home 31.....Jas. Wilcox, the proprietor of a notorious concert hall on West Washington street, has sold his interest in the place with the avowed intention of entering the temperance field as a lecturer. He was billed for an outdoor lecture night of 31, but disappointed a large crowd who had gathered to hear him."

PAT SHORT'S NOVELTY COMPANY opens in Temperance Hall, Halifax, N. S., for a short season. Aug. 4.

AMONG the features at Perry's, Denver, Col., during the past week, were Queen and Bell, acrobatic pedestal dancers, who perform some creditable feats on and from their small platforms; James McDonald, the well-known pedestal skate dancer, Baby McDonald, who deferred her departure for Leadville; and the Perry Brothers, who exhibited some good double dancing.

VIOLA CLIFTON'S LADY MINSTRELS, in conjunction with Mlle. Irene Santella's London Blondes, are now playing with success through the East. Lester & Spencer are the proprietors and managers, and Harry Sellers is general agent. See card.

PROF. WHITE and his troupe of educated dogs, and Sig. Burtine, juggler and plate-spinner, now with Spiegel's Moral Show, have formed a partnership under the title of White & Burtine. They announce their time filled to Nov. 1. They can be engaged by variety managers, as per advertisement.

R. S. HODGES and Louisa Biss are at their home in Madison, Wis., for the Summer. They advertise how would like to hear from variety managers for the coming season.

AT THE ARCADE VARIETIES, Pittsburg, Pa., performers can find engagements by addressing Manning & Weeks, proprietors, as per card. The company for July 28 included Louise De Luisi, Alice Elliott, Minnie Johnson, Gus Warren, Frank De Forrest and Annie Raymond. Announced for Aug. 4: Bella Cushing and Billy Marsh. Closing 2: Annie Raymond, to Grand Rapids, Mich.

AT LONG'S VARIETIES, Bethlehem, Pa., the company includes Billy Wells and Grace Sylvano, Lew Brimmer, Belle Cushing, George Ellwood, Geo. Munroe, Mr. Crossett, and Prof. Talkstein, leader.

WM. GALLAGHER of Gallagher and Gannon and Miss Blanche La Rue were married in Pittsburg, Pa., July 30.

SONG-AND-DANCE LADIES are wanted by Driscoll & Davis, who advertise.

DAVE MACK, whose address is care of this office, is recommended as a first-class artist by Billy Lanning, stage-manager of the Theatre Comique, Waterbury, Ct.

MRS. SOPHIA L. MYERS, wife of R. Fulton Myers, a well-known minstrel and variety performer, died suddenly of apoplexy July 28, in Philadelphia, Pa. During the past twenty years deceased had kept a boarding-house for professionals, by whom she was highly esteemed. A large number of professional people attended her funeral 31 from her late residence, 212 South Eleventh street.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Leadville, Col., Leo and Holmes and Conchita Leo were to have appeared July 28. The company includes Wm. Devere, Ella Arnold, Mlle. Corssi, Sam and Carrie Swain, Edna Merrelle, James and Susie Dillon, Gus Mills, Lew and Frank Collins, Etta Le Claire, Virginia Rose, Carrie Avery, Little Dot, John Conners and Little Tony, and Nellie Dearing.

VIOLA CLIFTON'S COMPANY is billed in Lewiston, Me., Aug. 5, Bangor 6, Rockland 7, Calais 8, Eastport 9, Fredericton, N. B., 11, St. John 12, 13, Moncton 14, Newcastle 15, Chatham 16, Pugwash, Halifax, N. S., 19, 20, 21. Fannie V. Reynolds joined the troupe in Manchester, N. H., Aug. 2.

SIG. BELLETTI, Miss Neva Haydn and Gertie Woodward are now organizing an entertainment for the road. It will include ventriloquial, magical and musical acts, mind-reading, second-sight, mesmeric wonders, etc., and can be secured by managers of halls and circuits by applying to Manager W. H. Loomis, as per card.

VARIETY TALENT is wanted for Gassett's Moral Show, now under canvas. See advertisement.

J. P. SCHLINE writes to THE CLIPPER denying the report that his theatre in Peoria, Ill., is closed.

EBEN ROBERSON has been engaged with Tony Denier's Pantomime Company for the coming season. Her present address is published in another column.

AT ALBECKER'S VARIETY THEATRE, Evansville, Ind., "Pinafore" is to be produced, with Maggie Barnes, Daisy Remington, the Murray & Hodges Combination, Hugh Fay, Ed. Chrissie and J. C. Murphy in the cast.

FRANKIE CHRISTIE and Ella Kent open at Tooker's Varieties, Norfolk, Va., Aug. 4. Bob Slavin is to close a ten weeks' engagement 9.

COL. J. FRANKLIN WARNER advertises for a negro comedian.

VARIETY TALENT is wanted at the Virginia Opera-house and Theatre Comique, Richmond, Va.

DAVE REED is now giving instructions in songs, dances, etc. See card.

WALDMANN'S THEATRE, Newark, N. J., did a very fair business the past week, owing to the fact that quite a clever company supported Jennie Yeamans in her new play of "Mitt." This piece, written by Mr. Cox, received its initial performance Aug. 28, with the following cast: Mitt, Jennie Yeamans; Ned Wilton, J. W. Summers; Lake Martin, R. E. Graham; Billy Snow, L. F. Howard; Tom Wilton, W. H. Thompson; Mike Shay, J. K. Peters; Richard White, George James; Bob Ashcroft, J. F. Redding; Richard Wilton, F. G. Kierman; Alice Wilton, Angie Griffiths; Mrs. Ashcroft, Mrs. Yeamans. Much could be said of the play that might suggest improvements, although its general drift in plot and dialogue is well calculated to entertain. Miss Yeamans and R. E. Graham acted their parts commendably; in fact, the entire company did well. They left Aug. 2 for New York. Arrivals 4: Mollie Williams' Burlesque "Pinafore" Combination.

BUSINESS at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., last week, was good. The new arrivals were Jennie Farron, in dances; May Antonio, wire act; Harris and Woods, Dutch comiques; Ella Forrest, Emma Schofield and Minnie Hall, serio-comics. Departures Aug. 2: The Leons, to Bradford, Pa.; the Morris Bros., Dayton; Fields and Hanson and Harris and Woods, Buffalo; May Antonio and Chas. A. Loder, Pittsburg. Arrivals 4: Arthur Sprague, Harvey Clifford, E. Rupert, Mallaley and Fenton and Annie Boyd.

SHELBY'S ADELPHI, Buffalo, N. Y., will be reopened for the week beginning Aug. 4 (race week). Among the performers announced are Lillie Western, the Love Sisters, Mlle. Zoe, the Woods—Harry and Minnie—the Rials and Hanson, the O'Brien Bros., Harris and Wood, George W. Hunter, the Le Claire Sisters and Terry Ferguson.

THE COLISEUM, Detroit, Mich., is being rapidly finished in its decorations. A good improvement is the putting in of a large dome, eight feet in diameter, in the ceiling of the auditorium for ventilation.

M. B. LEAVITT has engaged for next season, in addition to those already mentioned, Lewis and Pauline Parker, Ophelia Starr, the Love Sisters—Ella and Kitty—and Alice Wedgewood. He informs us that he is negotiating with the Weston Sisters, now in London, Eng., Zoe, serial artist, and May Arnott and her magic cabinet.

JAMES A. SHAFER was presented by his wife, professionally known as Bernadine Grossi, with a baby-boy in Buffalo, N. Y., July 31.

VENUS AND ADONIS have filled their time until July, 1880.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

A. J. TALBOTT, Ethiopian comedian, end-man and general performer, can be engaged after Sept. 1. See card.

Z. W. SPRAGUE'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS are to start on the road from Chicago, Ill., Sept. 1, and the Georgias No. 2 from Macon City, Mo., Aug. 18.

JOSEPH NOKOMOS has had a beautiful granite monument erected at his wife's grave, at an expense of fifteen hundred dollars.

HAVERLY'S MASTODON MINSTRELS appeared at the Academy of Music, Minneapolis, Minn., July 25, 26, giving three performances to houses. Business Route from there: Marshalltown, Ia., 28, Des Moines 29, Council Bluffs 30, St. Joseph, Mo., 31, Kansas City Aug. 1, 2, Denver, Col., 4, 5, 6, Georgetown 7, 8, Denver 9, thence to California.

GEORGE PRIMROSE of Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West's Minstrels and Miss Catlin of Buffalo, N. Y., were married in that city Aug. 2.

R. GARDINER, solo-cornetist, and Mr. Browne, baritone-singer, joined Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West's Minstrels in Toronto, Ont., and Fox and Ward, John Stout and Welby and Pearl are shortly to do so.

HAPPY CAL WAGNER, Johnny Allen, Charles Fostelle, and Harry Stanwood have become members of Allen, Delehanty & Hengler's Mammoth Minstrels. The company opens at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, O., Sept. 15, for four weeks. The dramatic season at this house opens Oct. 13, with W. J. Fleming as stage-manager.

BARLOW, WILSON, PRIMROSE & WEST'S MINSTRELS appeared in the Royal Opera-house, Toronto, Ont., July 29, 30, to moderate business. Our correspondent says: "The company is small, but talented, and is under the management of Harry Clapham, with George S. Clapham as business-manager. Route: Elmira, N. Y., Aug. 4, Penn Yan 5, Canandagua 6, Seneca Falls 7, Lyons 8, Syracuse 9."

CIRCUSES.

OF LATE we have received numerous letters from the smaller Western cities and towns inquiring why those places are not visited by circuses. Our correspondents apparently forget the change that has taken place in the circus business during the past few years. Instead of numerous small circuses touring the country, as was the custom some years ago, the business is now confined to comparatively few managers, who run only colossal shows, and these expensive so heavy that they could not pay them to exhibit in the smaller places. If our rural friends would gratify their taste for the sports of the arena they must, like Mahomet, "go to the mountain," etc., i. e., make an excursion to the nearest large city in which a circus and menagerie is exhibited.

M. DE PUY has a steamer, now lying at Norfolk, Va., which he states is admirably adapted for a circus or traveling show, and he is desirous of selling or chartering it. It can be personally inspected. He has a quantity of circus-stuff and two ring-horses for sale, and wants a business-manager, with some capital, to aid him in organizing a circus. See cards.

THE CIRCUS LICENSE in Harrisonville, Mo., has been reduced to $25, including grounds.

INFORMATION of the whereabouts of Natalie Borelli, a circus-rider, is wanted by her father, who is in Constantinople.

BARNUM'S GREAT SHOW is reported as receiving immense patronage this season. The route is Chicago, Ill. (Lake front), one week, commencing Aug. 11, Jolliet 18, Ottawa 19, Peoria 20, Galesburg 21, Lincoln 22, Springfield 23.

THE TRANSATLANTIC CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE showed in Mitchell, Ind., July 28, Pabil 29, French Lick 30, Shoals 31, Loogootee Aug. 1, Washington 2, Petersburg 3, and is to be in Hazelton 4, Princeton 5, Gus Shaw, clown, and Ryan Brothers, gymnasts, joined the show in Mitchell. Bob De Bar, principal clown, was married July 2 to Miss Nellie Skidmore (non-professional) of Richmond, Ind.

THE CARLO BROTHERS recently purchased from the West-end Training Academy four educated stallions, which had been trained by Prof. L. De Weste.

W. W. COLES' CIRCUS exhibited in Cadiz, O., July 28 to large audiences. Our correspondent says: "In going from the depot to the show ground one of the large wagons became unmanageable, causing the wagon to run on the horses, and breaking the leg of one valuable animal, which was afterwards shot."

W. C. COUP'S CIRCUS is to perform in Scranton, Pa., Aug. 4, Carbondale 5, Susquehanna 6, Owego 7, Corning 8, Wellsboro 9.

FOREPAUGH'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE exhibited on the Coliseum Grounds, Boston, Mass., to good business, July 29 to Aug. 1 inclusive.

JAMES ROBINSON the bareback rider was arrested in the southern part of Illinois and taken to Chicago, Ill., during the past week on a charge of perjury alleged to have been committed during bankruptcy proceedings in New York in August, 1878. During an examination before Commissioner J. C. Haines, the complainant, James McLaughlin, and his lawyer, H. E. Beuming, mysteriously disappeared from the court-room, and the Assistant District-attorney then stated that the testimony would not warrant his proceeding further in the case, and moved that the suit be dismissed. The Commissioner discharged Mr. Robinson, remarking: "You are free to go where you please; you are released from bail." One of Mr. Robinson's lawyers went before a Justice of the peace and procured a warrant for the arrest of McLaughlin and Beuming, but they could not be found. It was ascertained that they had settled their bills at their respective hotels the night before. Mr. Robinson threatens to bring a suit for damages.

ALLEN'S GREAT EASTERN CIRCUS was in Hornellsville, N. Y., July 28, Andover 29, Wellsville 30, Friendship 31, Cuba Aug. 1, Olean 2, and is billed in Little Valley 4, Cherry Creek 5, Forestville 6, Dunkirk 7, Sinclairville 8.

MRS. CYNTHIA F. HOPPER, wife of Jerry Hopper, clown with Burr Robbins' Circus, died at her home in Howell, Mich., July 26, after a long illness caused by an abscess on the kidneys. She was 26 years 8 months and 13 days old. The funeral services were held at the Baptist Church on 30 and were largely attended. Mr. Hopper reached Howell just in time to attend the funeral. He will again join the Robbins Show in Pontiac, Ill., Aug. 4.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE AMERICAN National and Astronomical Clock was unveiled for the first time to the public July 29 in Merrill Hall, Detroit, Mich., and was well patronized all the week. Our correspondent says: "As a work of art it is well worth viewing, the woodwork being especially handsome in design and finish, while the metals and machinery are beautifully polished. We think for exhibition purposes it could be improved by having the procession of Presidents pass every quarter of an hour, instead of every hour, as it necessitates visitors staying until each hour strikes before they can see it..... Recreation Park having come into a little bad odor, on account of the actions of its manager, the directors deposed him, and have selected Lieut. F. O. Davenport, who has so far shown himself the right man in the right place. All the baseball matches take place here, and the race-track is one of the best in the country. Prof. Rnleson gave a balloon ascension Aug. 1, before a large assemblage both inside and outside the inclosure. Bicycle-races, horse-races, etc., take place every week. In Winter there will be a skating-rink and snow-racing."

THE WAVERLY HOUSE, Charleston, S. C., opposite the Academy of Music, offers special low rates to professional guests. Managers will find the house conveniently situated, and the proprietor—Geo. W. Sullivan—advertises that he will make it profitable for them to stop there.

THE OPERA-HOUSE, Marlin, Texas, is advertised in this issue as being handsomely fitted up with every convenience. It has a stage 60x150ft., and is lighted with gas. T. J. Stewart is the proprietor.

WHITTON'S HALL, Marshalltown, Ia., has been refitted with a stage and scenery, and can be rented by applying to Geo. Whitton, as per card.

IN PHILADELPHIA, July 28, Smith's Island was formally opened as a Summer resort under the management and proprietorship of Jacob E. Ridgway, who, as stated in THE CLIPPER at the time, purchased it several months ago for $55,000. The history of Smith's Island is worth dwelling upon for a minute. It lies in the middle of the Delaware River, about opposite the central portion of the east side of Philadelphia. Before the days of steamboats it was unknown. When these monarchs of the water were introduced, it became quite a popular resort, and was frequented by people of unimpeachable respectability. But at length the rowdy element crept in, and for years past the place has not been in good odor. Mr. Ridgway purchased the island with a view to making it a respectable resort—one to which a family can go for a day's picnicking. The island has long boasted of a free bath, in which males of all ages bathed. This still remains; but an elegant new bathing inclosure has been erected, and is now in operation. It contains 145 private dressing-rooms, and has an area of 30,000 square feet of water. A towel is furnished each bather, together with a pair of trunks, which each one is obliged to wear. Fifteen cents are charged for the privilege of bathing here. Mr. Ridgway intends to inclose a fine picnic ground on the east side of the island, where private parties can enjoy themselves without annoyance from the general run of visitors. Next Summer the place will be supplied with electric-lights, and concerts and other entertainments will be given in the evening. The formal opening under the new regime was celebrated 28 by an excursion on board the steamboat Caroline McCallister. A large number of the invited guests participated, and music was furnished by Carl Sentz's Military Band, which plays nightly at the Mennerchor Garden. The boat in question, which has accommodations for 300 people, will hereafter run every few minutes from Kensington Water Works and from a wharf near Fairmount avenue to the island. The small boats will continue to run as usual from Chestnut-street wharf, and next Summer a steamboat will run from Christian-street wharf and the wharves below.....At the Permanent Exhibition, Ford & Zimmerman's Baby "Pinafore" Company gave their last performance there for the present Aug. 2. At the sacred concert, afternoon of 3, Jennie Busk, soprano, was the principal attraction. Hops are given every Wednesday evening. A combination of local German singers, called the Germania Operatic Company, commence an engagement 5, appearing every afternoon till further notice in "Pinafore." The Exhibition received a heavy blow recently in the form of a notice from the Commissioners of Fairmount Park, to the Exhibition Company to remove their building and its contents within two years from date of notice, July 14, and directing that the license be revoked according to the terms of the license granted by the Park Commission. The Commissioners give as their reason for this action the statement that the Exhibition has degenerated from what the Exhibition Company promised it should be—a school and museum of science, art and industry—to a mere place of amusement, where the chief attractions are "Pinafore" performances and Sunday concerts. Furthermore, they say that they wish to improve that portion of the park which is occupied by the Exhibition Building, and that if the latter were removed Memorial Hall would appear to better advantage. The Exhibition Company, however, hope during their two years of grace to induce the Park Commissioners to relent.....The North American Turner Bund are holding a grand festival. Nearly every State in the Union is represented. The visitors were formally received by Mayor Stokley at the National Guards' Hall night of Aug. 2, and since then there have been processions, picnics, prize games and contests, gymnastic exercises, music, dancing, etc. The festivities will continue till night of 6, when, at the Permanent Exhibition, the Turners will give a ball and the Turner Rifle Corps an exhibition-drill.....Concert Hall, that old landmark of the show business in Philadelphia, is an amusement hall no longer. It has been altered into two stores, which will be ready for occupancy about the latter part of the present month. The Philadelphia Fencing and Sparring Club will have a gymnasium, walking-track and bathroom on the second-floor, while the floor above will be used as a sparring-room.

FAIRS IN OHIO.—The State fair is to be held in Columbus Aug. 25, 29. The following are the county fairs: Lima, Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2, 3; Jefferson, Sept. 23, 24, 25, 26; Wapakoneta, Oct. 7, 8, 9, 10; St. Clairsville, Sept. 17, 18, 19; Georgetown, Sept. 2, 3, 4, 5; Hamilton, Oct. 7, 8, 9, 10; Carrollton, Oct. 7, 8, 9; Springfield, Aug. 19, 20, 21, 22; Boston, Sept. 2, 3, 4, 5; Wilmington, Sept. 2, 3, 4, 5; New Lisbon, Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2, 3; Bucyrus, Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2, 3; Greenville, Sept. 16, 17, 18, 19; Defiance, Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1, 2, 3; Delaware, Sept. 24, 25, 26; Piqua, Sept. 23, 24, 25, 26; Lancaster, Oct. 15, 16, 17, 18; Wauseon, Sept. 3, 4, 5; Gallipolis, Sept. 3, 4, 5; Burton, Sept. 23, 24, 25; Xenia, Aug. 13, 14, 15; Findlay, Oct. 1, 2, 3, 4; Kenton, Oct. 1, 2, 3, 4; Cadiz, Sept. 1, 2, 3, 4; Hillsboro, Aug. 27, 28, 29; Logan, Oct. 9, 10, 11; Millersburg, Sept. 23, 24, 25, 26; Moorwalk, Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2, 3; Jackson, Sept. 25, 26; Smithfield, Sept. 24, 25, 26; Mt. Vernon, Oct. 7, 8, 9; Painesville, Sept. 16, 17, 18; Newark, Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2, 3; Bellefontaine, Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2, 3; Elyria, Sept. 16, 17, 18; Canfield, Oct. 7, 8, 9; Marion, Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2, 3; Medina, Sept. 16, 17, 18; Rock Spring, Sept. 10, 11, 12; Celina, Sept. 24, 25, 26; Troy, Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2, 3; McConnelsville, Sept. 9, 10, 11, 12; Mt. Gilead, Sept. 23, 24, 25, 26; Zanesville, Sept. 2, 3, 4, 5; Port Clinton, Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2, 3; Circleville, Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2, 3; Ravena, Oct. 7, 8, 9; Eaton, Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2, 3; Ottawa, Oct. 8, 9, 10, 11; Mansfield, Sept. 24, 25, 26; Chillicothe, 2, 3, 4, 5; Fremont, Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2, 3; Tiffin, Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2, 3; Sidney, Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2, 3; Carrollton, Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2, 3; Akron, Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2, 3; Warren, Sept. 16, 17, 18, 19; Marysville, Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2, 3; Van Wert, Oct. 2, 3, 4; Lebanon, Sept. 16, 17, 18, 19; Marietta, Sept. 2, 3; Bryan, Oct. 7, 8, 9, 10; Tontogany, Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2, 3; Upper Sandusky, Oct. 8, 9, 10.

P. W. SHRADER, contracting agent, can be addressed as per card.

J. W. COUCH advertises a tent for sale, and that he wishes to obtain curiosities of all kinds.

MRS. NORA J. GLASSBLOWER, can be engaged for the fairs. See card.

"PANORAMA" advertises for a partner with small capital.

G. F. FOSTER, SON & Co. offer to furnish showpainting in the best style at the cheapest rates. See card.

GEBHART'S MUSIC HALL, Dayton, O., is advertised as a handsome house, well fitted with scenery and appointments. It has a seating capacity of 1,300, and can be engaged on advantageous rates.

SHEPPARD'S OPERA-HOUSE, Memphis, Tenn., will play the leading attractions next season. Dates, terms, etc., can be obtained from R. H. Strong, as per card.

A SERIES of military and bed tournaments are to be held in Columbus, O., Sept. 16, 17, 18, 19, when $7,500 will be offered as premiums.

THE CHAREST FAMILY—three in number—wire-walkers, are performing in Hessman Garden, Columbus, O.

CALIFORNIA FAIRS.—State, District and County fairs are to be held as follow: Golden Gate District Agricultural Association, Oakland, Sept. 1-6: State Agricultural Society, Sacramento, 8-13; Placerville—Ninth annual fair of the El Dorado County Agricultural Society, 16-20; San Joaquin Valley Agricultural Association, Stockton, 16-20; Marysville—Northern District Agricultural Society Fair, 15-25; Siskiyou County Agricultural Society, Yreka, Oct. 4-7; Sonoma and Marin Agricultural Society, Petaluma, Sept. 29-Oct. 4; Santa Clara Valley Agricultural Society, San Jose, Sept. 22-27; Nevada State Agricultural Society, Reno, Oct. 6-11; Napa and Solano Agricultural Society, Vallejo, Sept. 2-6.

FRANCOIS R. BLITZ, after closing with the sideshow of Forepaugh's Circus the last week in September, will visit the fairs in Blitz's Museum.

THE NEW OPERA-HOUSE, Brockton, Mass., is being rapidly pushed towards completion. It faces on Elm and Main streets. The lower story is occupied by four stores. The auditorium is 82x60ft., and will seat 1,200. The scenery stage is 40ft. deep, 34 wide, and 34 high. It will be dedicated about Nov. 1, with three nights of opera.

PROF. LA VEER will make high-rope ascensions in Petosky, Mich., Aug. 7, 8, 9, during the camp-meeting.

THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, Newark, N. J., is advertised to lease.

AMONG THE ATTRACTIONS at a picnic given on the Exposition grounds, Indianapolis, Ind., July 28, 29, for the benefit of the Grand Army of the Republic, was Bidwell's air-ship, about which so much has been said of late. Our correspondent says: "The ship proved a failure, as, for some reason, it could not be inflated, although the inventor had spent considerable money in its construction. It is likely that the latter will be a bone of contention between Prof. D. B. Hughes and the Rifles, the first-named having a claim for advancing money to inflate the ship, and the latter for damages for failure to carry out the programme. Athletic sports formed a good part of the attractions. The attendance was far below what was expected."

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER is to lecture in Halifax, N. S., Aug. 5, 6, under the auspices of the N. S. Medical Society. It is probable that he will visit the towns on the Intercolonial line of railroad.

MANAGERS who have arranged time at the Park Opera-house, Erie, Pa., are notified through an advertisement that the proprietors have arranged their difficulties, and there will be no conflict in dates.

SNAKES are for sale at J. Frazer's address.

"CIRCUS" advertises curiosities, with paintings and tents, to rent for the fairs. He also wants Punch-and-Judy men and a partner.

ALL KINDS OF FREAKS, curiosities and sensational performances are wanted for the reopening of the Great American Museum, this city. Curiosities are wanted for the fairs. See card.

THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, Reading, Pa., which has been renovated and improved, and has a seating capacity of 1,200, is specially referred by Manager Geo. M. Miller to the attention of traveling companies as a convenient, complete, and comfortable house. The management control a large number of billboards, under the direction of Jas. Schaeffers, billposter, and announce that they can play troupes over the Eastern Circuit of Pennsylvania. See card.

PROF. H. M. HOGAN advertises for clarionet and cornet players and other musicians for a steamboat band.

BLITZ'S MUSEUM will show at the fairs in the South and West. Later Mr. Blitz intends visiting Cuba and the West Indies with a dime-show.

THE OPERA-HOUSE, Kenton, O., is furnished with all the necessary appointments to make it a desirable house for traveling companies. It seats 800 persons, and is open for rental at a reasonable rate. See Manager Henry Dickson's card.

THE CENTRAL HOUSE, Independence, Ia., offers a liberal reduction to show people. King's Opera-house is in this town, and it has a seating capacity of seven hundred. The hotel is highly spoken of by a number of professional guests, whose names are attached to a card in another column.

SPAGELI'S MORAL SHOW exhibited in Chester, Pa., July 30, Marcus Hook 31, Newcastle, Del., Aug. 1, 2, and is billed in Odessa 4, Smyrna 5, Dover 6. A new three-centre-pole canvas has been added.

CRATER'S HALL, Newcomerstown, O., can be rented at a low rate, according to J. G. Crater's advertisement elsewhere.

LOW'S OPERA-HOUSE, Providence, R. I., which is to reopen Sept. 15, can be secured on sharing terms or rental. See card.

H. STEPHENS advertises for a party to furnish an attraction for the fairs.

A MAGICIAN, who does Punch-and-Judy specialty, is wanted with Forepaugh's Circus. See F. R. Blitz's card.

DOC SHOLLY, who advertises, wants to purchase 5,000 small rubber balloons, with a gas-inflator.

J. BRUCE, show-painter, advertises prices, etc., in this issue.

THE SPAULDINGS, who closed a successful engagement of one week in Rocky Point, R. I., Aug. 2, commence 4, for a like period, at the Oakland Garden, Boston, Mass.

THE NEXT ANNUAL FAIR of the Washington County Agricultural Society will be held in Hagerstown, Md., Oct. 21, 22, 23, 24.

AN ADVANCE-AGENT wants an engagement. See G. H. Twombly's card.

THE TRIGGER.

TEAM MATCH.

At a glass-ball match held at Volzer's Garden, Canton, O., July 29, for a purse of $50, three traps, eighteen yards rise, the Berlin team was victorious over the Canton team by the following score:

BERLIN.		CANTON.	
F. Schiltz	15	J. Klopfenstein	10
J. Coleman	14	Kupp	12
Wise	14	Maline	12
N. Miller	15	D. Reed	10
W. Schick	12	Dizny	10
H. Smith	12	B. Hardwick	12
J. Schrautz	15	J. Huberty	13
E. Lesher	10	L. Meyers	12
Total	105	Total	90

A SILVER CUP, presented by Col. Maltby, was shot for by guests of the Monmouth House, Spring Lake, and the Beach House, Sea Girt, N. J., at the former place, on Thursday, July 31. The conditions were: Each contestant to shoot at fifteen birds, 28 yards rise, five ground-traps, placed five yards apart, Hurlingham rules, and the number of competitors was seven. The scores were: A. R. Dexter, New York Gun Club, 15; F. Harrison, Social G. C., 14; R. Kenney, Philadelphia G. C., 13; R. Adams, Long Branch G. C., 13; B. Meredith, Social G. C., 12; H. Dunleavy, N. Y. G. C., 11. Sweepstakes shooting followed, the money in the first being divided by Meredith and Adams, while the former and Dexter did likewise with the cash in the second contest.

THE BEST SCORE.—E. E. Lewis of Flushing, L. I., on July 29, at Creedmoor,

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

EUROPEAN NOVELTIES.

"Lauriane,"

a three-act comedy by Louis Leroy, was first acted at the Gymnase Theatre, Paris, July 15. The plot is as follows: Raoul De Montals has just been married to one of the two nieces of M. Bonardel—Lauriane—and he is supposed to adore her. But the very night of their wedding, at the moment when the bride and bridegroom are left alone, the latter receives by the intermediary of a valet, who is more astute than Machiavelli himself, a note from a mistress he has just cast off, an Italian Countess named Gordigiani, asking him to grant her a five minutes' interview, that she may return him the letters she holds of his. This woman, in the intensity of her jealousy, pursues Raoul to the threshold of his nuptial chamber, while he, dreading an expose, acts as most weak-minded people do, and adopts the least advisable course he could pursue. He leaves his young wife expectant and trembling, and drives to the house of the courtesan Countess. The Italian, like a traitress as she is, had taken a diabolical method of informing Lauriane of her husband's reprehensible conduct. She has kept back some of Raoul's warmest letters, and sends them to his wife, taking care at the same time to let her know that he is at that moment at her (the Countess') house. Furious at such a terrible revelation, Lauriane leaves Raoul's mansion to return to the house of her uncle. Six months elapse, during which the husband travels in Italy, to return more deeply in love with his wife than ever. He meets her for the first time at a fancy ball, held for some charitable object, and, after challenging a young fop, who is paying his court to her, carries her off to his own house. But Lauriane is indefensible; he may implore and threaten as he may, she refuses to pardon him. Raoul is resolved to let himself be killed in the duel he has provoked; but his adversary evades the affair by running away, and he accordingly makes up his mind to seek death otherwise—a determination which reaches Lauriane's ears, and induces her to forget all and throw herself into his arms.

"Love Wins the Day,"

a new three-act drama by Edward Towers, was produced at the Pavilion Theatre, London, July 12. The curtain rises on an effective scene representing a street in Paris; and after an amusing passage of arms between Fanchette and Coco—two somewhat shadowy characters who have little to do with the action of the piece—we find Pierre confiding to Don Nego the story of his great but almost hopeless passion for Marie De Chartre. Pierre is a young man about whom there is a certain air of mystery; he has a sufficiency of money, but how he comes by it he knows no more than that every month there is placed on his balcony, by some unknown hand, a bag containing some hundreds of francs. The secret of this agreeable though slightly unusual proceeding he has tried to fathom, but hitherto without success. Don Nego, who avows an interest in Pierre, warns him against the machinations of some secret enemy, who may try to prevent his marriage with Marie. During this interview Jacques, a mendicant soldier, has been seated at the back of the stage, and received money from a considerable number of persons as they passed—the fact producing a favorable idea of the generous instincts actuating a Parisian crowd. Amongst the donors is the Marchioness De Chartre, who as she gives alms drops her handkerchief, on which Jacques finds the initials F. A., and these, together with the sound of her voice, convince him that the Marchioness is a person he knew twenty years before in Dominique, the wife of his old friend and commander, whom she left to go away with another man, leaving also her youthful son. The husband on his deathbed confided this son to the care of Jacques, and also a letter written by his wife acquainting him of her heartless act. Armed with the proof, Jacques determines on confronting the Marchioness and demanding justice. The Marchioness, at the same time, being anxious to ruin Pierre and prevent a marriage between him and Marie, compels Don Nego, over whom she has a powerful hold by her knowledge of a secret of his, to entrap Pierre into a gambling-house, and so arrange that he should be arrested there by the police as a gambler; and this scheme was only prevented from being accomplished by the timely appearance of Jacques, who announced that Pierre was his own son, though he immediately stated to the astonished young man their true relations, and also the fact that he had been his unknown benefactor. Jacques had not gained much by appearing in the house of the Marchioness, and proclaiming to her, and even to her husband, his knowledge of her antecedents. The lady had brazened the matter out, and he had only been treated with contumely. The scene in the last act represents the interior of the Church of St. Roche, and here, through various inimical meetings and a good deal of eavesdropping, matters are cleared up, the innocent rewarded and the guilty punished. The Marchioness, after insisting on Don Nego's committing murder under the pretext of a duel, and also, in order to excuse herself, avowing to Jacques that twenty years previously it was him she loved, is exposed in her true colors to her husband and others. Pierre, who had gone away to the wars, suddenly reappears in Claude Melnotte fashion, fights a duel, and at the general explanation is made happy by Marie's hand. The Marchioness has not the typical villain's exit, but is carried off rather ignominiously under the influence of poison.

DRAMATIC.

OUR LONDON advices are up to July 19, at which time there were signs of the approaching close of the season at the theatres. The Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden, was to terminate its present campaign July 26. At Her Majesty's, the farewell representations at reduced prices had commenced, the usual restrictions as to evening dress not being enforced. The Haymarket was to be reopened with Mr. Robsart" continued at the Adelphi. Next week Henry Irving was to give his final performances at the Lyceum, Friday and Saturday being assigned to his annual benefit. The Princess' still finds "Drink" attractive. On Monday night the regular English company resumed their position at the Gaiety. Miss Heath had closed her engagement at the Olympic, and "The Worship of Bacchus" was to be produced 21. No changes had taken place at the Strand, Prince of Wales', Globe, Vaudeville, and Opera Comique. The Court Theatre closed its season 19 with the benefit of Mr. Hare, who retires from the lesseeship. The Royalty, Alhambra, Criterion, Folly, Imperial, and Duke's had repeated their popular performances. "East Lynne" and "For Sale" had been the entertainments at the Park. "New Babylon" was brought out at the Surrey with marked success. At the Standard, Miss Louise Moodie continued to appear in "East Lynne." At the Grecian, "The Queen's Colors" and "The Curse of Drink" had been repeated. The Garrick Theatre, Whitechapel, retained the lively comic-opera of "A Cruise to China." Augustus Glover is still carrying on Astley's, with popular pieces at popular prices. The late John Wilkins' drama of "Money and Misery" had been played at the Victoria, with "The King and the Deserter" for an afterpiece. At the Marylebone, "The Two Orphans" had been followed by "Napoleon Bonaparte." "The Red Hand" and "London by Night" had been the attractions at the new Elephant and Castle Theatre. The matinee performances 19 comprised "Carmen" at Her Majesty's Theatre, "Richelieu" (with Hermann Vezin and Mrs. Bernard-Beere) at the Adelphi, "Hamlet" at the Lyceum, "Madame Favart" at the Strand, "Les Cloches de Corneville" at the Globe, "H. M. S. Pinafore" at the Opera Comique, and "The First Night" and "Another Drink" at the Polly.

MISS Miss Neilson has completed her twelve Shakespearian performances at the Haymarket, London. "Money" will be represented for a week, the profits of the six nights being presented by John S. Clarke to J. B. Buckstone, who will then take his final leave of the stage as the Old Member in the scene of the club. Mr. Clarke will then appear for a limited time in a short series of the old Haymarket comedies, the list comprising "Leap Year," "The Heir-at-Law," "Married Life" and "A Widow Hunt." After thus giving a round of some of his most popular impersonations, he will then proceed to America to fulfill some long-arranged professional engagements, and it is probable he will extend his tour to California and Australia.

HENRY IRVING will during his holidays pay a visit to the Mediterranean, he having been invited to join the party which is to accompany the Baroness Burdett Coutts on her pleasure trip in the ship Walrus.

THE authors of "Liz" have nearly completed a drama for Mr. and Mrs. Billington, founded upon Mrs. Burnett's new novel of "Howarths." It is to be produced in the Autumn season of this year.

THE ALEXANDRA THEATRE, Liverpool, closed July 12, and will be reopened, after great alterations have been made in the interior, on Oct. 20.

VARIETY.

LULU, the famous gymnast, enters on a series of performances at the Westminster Aquarium, London, Sept. 15. This will be Lulu's first appearance in London in his true character as a male gymnast.

CIRCUSES.

ON THE evening of July 12, at the Cirque, Norwich, Eng., as Master G. Stoodley was enacting the character of a huntsman on two ponies, he slipped, and, one of the animals kicking him on the right arm, just above the wrist, the limb was broken.

A Stage-manager's Wardrobe.

A few days ago Needles met a friend on the street and said:

"Gimme a clean collar to appear in on the opening night at Sutro."

The man took the sagebrush elocutionist to his room and handed him a fifteen-and-a-half collar.

"This collar is a trifle large, and looks painfully clean in contrast to my shirt," soliloquized the tragedian. "Could you—um—manage to—er ——"

"Oh, I see," said the other, pulling a clean shirt from his trunk.

Mr. Needles laid his right hand impressively over his heart, while he grabbed the shirt with his left, and a tear of gratitude glistened at the end of his nose. Having rolled up the shirt, his keen professional eye fell upon a vest hanging against the wall.

"Is that an odd vest?"

"How?"

"That is, you have no regular suit to go with it?"

"Roll it up with the shirt, Needles."

But Needles had no intention of rolling up his bundle so soon.

"I've got a pretty good coat," he said—"a farewell gift from John Mackay; but my pants, an old pair once filled by the classic limbs of Senator Sharon, are in a state of mellow dilapidation. He wore the seat all out in the halls of legislation at Washington."

The tragedian's victim pulled a pair of pants from his wardrobe and handed them over with:

"Needles, the coat I have on is the only one I have left. Don't insinuate that you want it. But if you want a sofa, a cabinet-organ or a seven-and-a-half octave Weber piano, just mention the fact and it is yours."

Needles cast his eye about the apartment, and the owner shuddered whenever his optic paused an instant to rest. Presently he did his plunder up in a bundle and started off, flooding the apartment of his benefactor with a parting shower of Shakespearian compliments. The latter seemed lost in thought for a moment, and then asked:

"Needles, how much salary do you draw as stage-manager at Sutro?"

"Three dollars a day."

"How much can you save every day out of that sum?"

"Three dollars."—*Virginia Chronicle.*

IT costs twenty-five dollars to take a dog across the Atlantic, and the animal is taken at owner's risk, unless a special contract to the contrary is made with the steamship company.

AMUSEMENTS.

CENTRAL HOUSE,
A. HAGEMAN, PROPRIETOR.
GOOD SAMPLE-ROOMS. CONVENIENT TO BUSINESS. FIRST-CLASS IN EVERY PARTICULAR.
INDEPENDENCE, IOWA.
Rates, $2 per day. Liberal reduction given to show parties. King's Opera-house, seating capacity 700.
We, the undersigned, stopped at the above-mentioned Hotel July 26 and 27. We're courteously treated by a gentlemanly landlord, who sets a first-class table and has fine rooms. S. Burt Oakes, John H. Oakes, Alice Keith, John nie Prindle, J. M. Rodi, C. Rigge, E. S. Thomas, and Joe H. Barnes, members of Oakes Bros.' Concert Co. 20-1t*

HENRY DIXON, PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER OF OPERA-HOUSE, KENTON, O.
The house has a seating capacity of 800, is nicely frescoed, has a large stage, with fourteen sets of new scenery, wings to match—scenery runs on sheaves—new carpet for stage, suitable for all plays; two nice dressing-rooms, both nicely carpeted; 146 gaslights, 18 footlights, two rows border-lights; heated by furnace; two entrances. Population of town, 6,000. Two weekly papers. No license to pay. Rent reasonable. 20-13t

WHITTON'S HALL,
MARSHALLTOWN, IA.
Newly refitted, with large stage and elegant scenery; lighted with gas; centrally located. Prices low. Seating capacity, 400. Engagements may be made with
20-2t* GEO. WHITTON, Proprietor.

CRATER'S HALL,
NEWCOMERSTOWN, OHIO,
on P. C. and St. Louis R. R., East and West; M. P. and C. R. R., North and South. Population, 1,200; seating capacity, 400. Drop-curtains and scenery. Rent low.
20-1t* G. CRATER, Proprietor.

MAGICIAN WANTED.
One who does Punch and Judy can have a good engagement for the remainder of the season with the FOREPAUGH CIRCUS. MUST BE FIRST-CLASS.
State lowest salary. Address
FRANCOIS R. BLITZ,
20-1t* Forepaugh's Circus, Bath, Me.

WANTED—BUSINESS-MANAGER, with $2,000, to organize a Circus. I have a steamer fitted up to carry the entire troupe, horses included. M. DE PUY,
20-1t* Norfolk, Va.

WANTED—Someone to furnish Museum or any thing that will take at Fairs. I will furnish tent, organ, painting and teams on shares. E. STEPHENS, Bryant's Pond, Me. Would like to purchase cheap stereoscopic or cosmoramic glasses and views. 20-1t*

HENRY MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN THEATRE,
720, 722, 724 and 726 Vine street, Philadelphia, Pa.
HENRY MILLER.....Sole Proprietor
HARRY GUION.....Amusement Director
Inauguration of the Fall and Winter Campaign MONDAY NIGHT, AUG. 18, 1879. Variety artists are solicited to make application at once to HENRY MILLER. 19 3t

MAMMOTH TENT FOR SALE or RENT, 80x108; also round tent, 55x85, and tents 40x85ft., cheap. Suitable for fairs, camp-meetings, circus, sideshows, etc. JEROME DU MAR, Boston, Mass. Want novelties for fairs. 19-12t*

CLINTON OPERA-HOUSE,
CLINTON, IND.
This house was finished August, 1878; seating capacity, 800; stage 26x45; full set of scenery and equipments; dressing-rooms, etc. Population of town, 2,500. Will rent or play good companies on percentage or certainty. For particulars address N. C. ANDERSON. 19-13t

THE REFINED MUSICAL DUO, Chas. and Annie Whiting, the most cultured vocalists and refined sketch artists in the profession. The entertainment consists of a drawing-room melange of Music, Duets, Society Scenes, Operatic Preludes, and Miss Annie Whiting's wonderful Trombone Solos, and Trombone Duets by the above artists, of the highest grade of society. P. S.—Would like to engage with some responsible traveling company for the Fall and Winter season. Address Chas. Whiting, 40 Hayden terrace, Hamilton, Ont.
HAVE FINE PICTORIAL PRINTING. 18-4t

SCOTT'S OPERA-HOUSE,
WAUSEON, O.
WALTER SCOTT.....Proprietor
Seating capacity, 800; full stock of Scenery. Stage, 22ft. opening and 25ft. in depth; full size, 25x50ft. Will play responsible combinations on percentage or rent. For further particulars address WALTER SCOTT, Proprietor,
18-4t* Wauseon, O.

TO PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS OF THEATRES AND THEATRES OF VARIETIES.—The STAR OF THE SOUTH MINSTREL TROUPE, five in number, are open to accept engagements. For open dates address
CHARLES ST. JOHN & SON, Proprietors,
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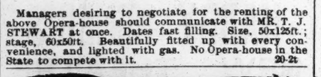

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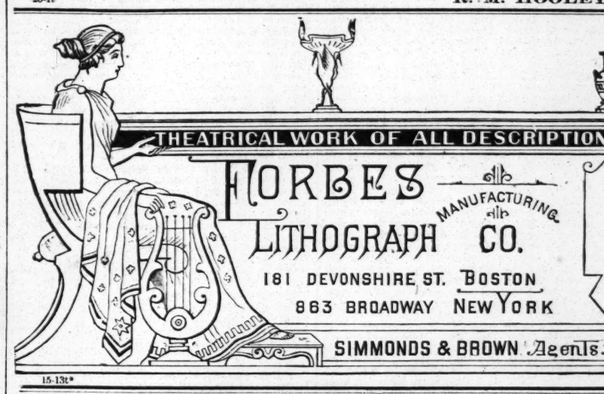

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